

THE

WAR CRY



AND OFFICIAL GAZETTE OF THE SALVATION ARMY IN CANADA, NORTH-WEST AMERICA, AND NEWFOUNDLAND.

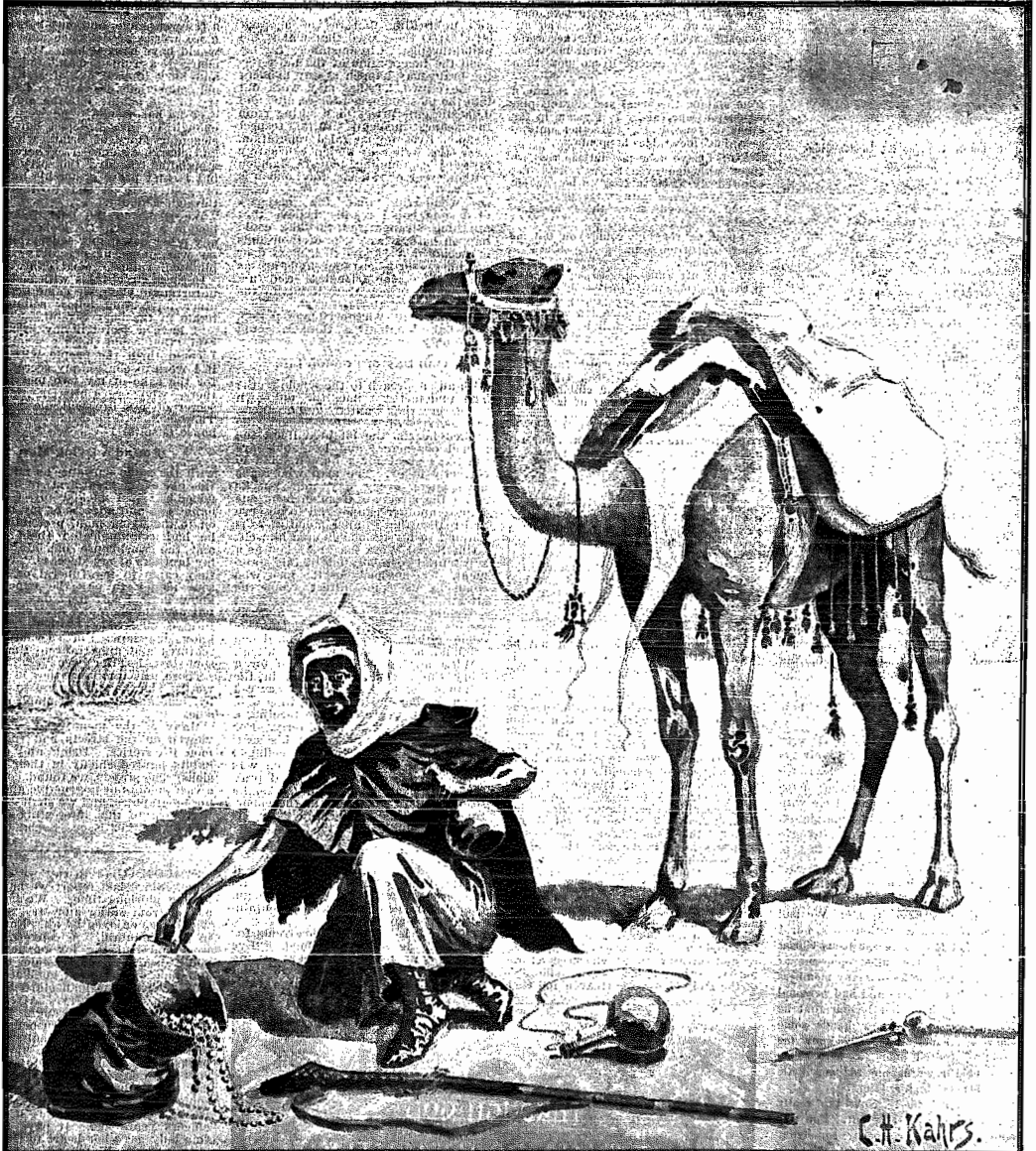
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General.

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Correspondent.

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"ONLY PEARLS."

(See article on page 11)

MY VIEW ABOUT GIVING.

An Interview with "Salvation Smith."

(Readers of the reports of the Field Commissioner's trip to England and her meetings there will remember the mention of "Salvation Smith," who is a member of the London Stock Exchange, and a Salvationist withal.—Ed.)



F. C. Smith, Esq., of the London Stock Exchange.

"On what principles do you regulate your giving, Mr. Smith?" we queried. He had only five minutes to spare, so directness on both sides was indispensable. We might not catch him again!

"Three. I consider it—

1. My duty to give;
2. To give all I can;
3. Give as God directs."

is the comprehensive reply.

"I see. But how does this work out? Does it not impoverish you? The claims must be so much more than your resources?"

"No. It is just like this: I give when and what God instructs. He is therefore responsible for the deposit account; to see that it is not overdrawn. As a matter of fact, however, the reprobations are regular and reliable."

"In what direction?"

"This way. When I first started, I surrendered ten per cent.—the old Jewish title—and kept a debit and credit. Later, however, I joined the Lord's Corner, and found that the more I gave the more I received. This happened so invariably as to make it almost a science. So I abolished the percentage and regulated my donation according to the Spirit's leading applied to each specific occasion."

"The recuperations, Mr. Smith; how did they travel?"

"I found that when I visited a corps and disbursed my ex's, which I always paid myself, plus collections, etc., business usually followed, directly or indirectly which amply recompensed me with a varying but considerable margin on the right side. The other day, to give you a case in point, I was billed to special. A general in Her Majesty's army sent me an invitation to the barracks to dine with him. I went. He was a perfect stranger to me. We had a conversation on Salvation lines, but I could not get him to accept Jesus Christ as my Saviour. He called upon me at my office, saying he knew many members of the Stock Exchange and had personal dealings with them, but he felt that he would rather place in my hands some business-a friends of his, who knew me by repute, desired done for her. This is how God rewards me for my little service I may do for Him."

"Very remarkable! Now the really crucial questions must be put. You will excuse them if they appear somewhat personal, and maybe ignorantly framed. May I ask if your personal expenditures are extravagant, or substantially in-

creased? You see, Mr. Smith, some folks who live well and comfortably at the start, expand as they increase in wealth. One servant becomes two, then three, and so on. The town house is exchanged for a country villa, then a residence, and finally an estate. The walk is given up, then comes the gig, then the carriage, coach-house, coachman and the rest. And if you ask him to give you his percentage of philanthropy, what might have been perhaps ten per cent. of say \$200, or £20, disappears. His funds £20 is still all he cares to give, when his income may have increased £2,000. That is to say, the figure is not now

but

£20 to £200,

£20 to £2,000,

a drop from ten to one per cent. Such a figure, i.e. one per cent., appears to me to be abominable. It is a libel on love to call it philanthropy."

"Quite so! I heartily concur. I will answer your personal questions readily and frankly. My rent is not more now than when I could afford to give only ten per cent. of my income. And my domestic expense—except the necessary educational and other requirements of my family—are practically no more than they were."

"Of course, you have not refrained from making the usual and suitable provision for your family? I mean, in the event of your death, and other unforeseen but inevitable happenings?"

"No. I have done my duty in that respect, although even there I have not allowed my 'trust in God' to be shaken, or my systematic faith in His providence to be excluded from these arrangements."

"Speaking roughly could you tell me what proportion your giving bears to your income?"

"It is quite impossible to say, because both are constantly increasing. You may say, however, that the percentage is considerably more than that of the average. 'Thank you; that will be precise enough. Then the position is this: Your income is divided into three parts. Initially stand your (a) expenses for living, which includes home, food, travelling, raiment, school for your children, and all the necessary expenses of body and mind. At the other end of the line are your (b) items for death insurance, provision for wife and family, and careful arrangements for all the unexpected contingencies of the future of yourself and yours. ALL the media you consider God's capital?"

"That is just it! When I first became a Salvationist I was rather exercised as to entering the work; but, finally, God revealed to me that He could use me through my business, so I forthwith concentrated my efforts to 'Y' for the war and IT to God for His use directly. I have been in business for Him ever since, with the results aforesaid."

A hand-hake, and the Salvation Smith was gone.

Is he wrong? No! Will it not be conceded that his method of giving is in the highest degree a religion? We think so.

What is the logic of it all? Well, if you can't put yourself out to the supreme work of living for the salvation of the world and the redemption of the untold millions of the despairing of this and other lands; if you are a human being without any sort of personality; if the claims of other's wants and miseries—it is as much your duty to serve as any other. If personal service, through family impossibilities lack of the useful ability, or any other impediments, then service by proxy is an irrevocable obligation.

If wealth is yours, or only a competence, this purchase of sub-ventitious representation in the battle-fields of life is possible, and cannot be shirked without irreparable loss, for money means—what? Shelter provided, bridges of hope to the homeless, food for starving children, an open door of escape, money and salvation to all who need it; for purity, for holy living, for the fellowship of the Holy Ghost, for Heaven and God.

LONDON STREETS.

Their Secret Sorrows.

London has gained for itself a notorious character for human tragedy and mystery. No other city in the world contains so much wealth and poverty, tragedy and romance. Its population of six millions, continually jostling up against one another in the struggle for existence, create a never-ending panorama of elements and circumstances containing lessons and sermons more profound than any delivered from platform or pulpit. The Bible is written over and over again in London every day, for the two great and only laws of good and evil are perhaps more plainly seen now than they ever were before.

Most Fascinating

Human associations are, after all, the most fascinating and interesting features of a great city. It is the crowd that makes the philanthropist. Circumstances beyond the imagination of the most fertile brain may happen at any moment in the crowd. Trifles may work out into the most unlooked-for results, and domestic enterprises may spring from the most trivial incidents. In this respect London lives on no false reputation. True, the writer of fiction can safely lay any astounding plot in London without fear of ridicule, for London is so packed with human misery, so wonderful, that the majority of people could readily believe that anything strange and thrilling could happen here, where tens of thousands of people do knock at next door neighbor, and where thousands are as much alone as if they were living in the heart of an equatorial forest.

But after all, what writer of fiction, or what imaginative thinker, could write only

One Day of London Life

with any approach to the whole truth? The undetected crime, the unknown murderers, the "wanted" law-breakers, the intrigues of deathly mystery, the broken hearts, the blighted lives, the ruined characters and lost souls are facts too great for a human mind to correctly index. The man who reads newspapers every day can knock about the streets of London from one year to another cannot fail to observe and realize that in all London there is nothing so mysterious as man himself. Our Social Work may be taken as a substantial corroboration of this statement. The majority of the men who come to us come direct from the streets. Their experience shows what a training-ground for good or evil the streets may be. An outcast may become either a desperate, hardened criminal, or a broken-hearted penitent.

What an interesting skeleton for a story the novelist could find in the following experience, which occurred in one of our Shelters some time ago. During the progress of the meeting a man was noticed crying bitterly. For an hour or more he sat in his seat, looking very sad and dejected; and, at last, when the invitation was given to come to the front and pray for God's mercy and forgiveness, he rose and took advantage of the opportunity. As the officer knelt by his side, the sobbing man took a loaded

Six-Chambered Revolver

from his breast-pocket and handed it to the Captain, warning him of its dangerous character. Sure enough, every chamber of the weapon contained a cartridge.

"I've carried it about the streets for months," the man explained. "I've been a law-breaker for years, earning nothing for God, man, or devil, and I was decided on blowing my brains

out rather than be taken again and sent back to penal servitude."

That man had walked about the streets for a long period, rubbing shoulders with the best and the worst, with the means of instant death at his finger ends. We are happy to say he never asked for his revolver back, nor, after deciding to live a changed life, he was helped by our Social Work into a new and better way of life. The incidents, the circumstances, the temptations yielded to, and the whole network of events that lead up to such a dramatic ending of a career of crime cannot be gone into here. Interesting though they are.

On the streets of London to-day are hundreds of men with startling life-histories. Such an one was pointed out to the writer by a policeman last week.

"See that man standing in the gutter selling newspapers?" he asked. "It's a marvel he's there at all! I'm a native of the same provincial town, and I know the poor, ruined beggar well. He was

Blamed for Murder

a few years ago, and only half-a-dozen more words of evidence against him would have hanged him. He was discharged—a ruined man, and to try and bury himself out of sight of his old connections, he came to London to try to rise again; but the only reference he has would, if he were foolish enough to make it, open out a long sickening story of drink, wickedness and charge of murder. There he is—a standing tragedy. I'm sorry for him, but I can't prove either his innocence or guilt. He has lost this world through a doubt."

We spoke to the poor fellow and bought a paper. He looked just like any other newspaper seller; but there he was, innocent or guilty—a poor, haggard, ruined man.

In these street-talks with men of the unfortunate class, we came across another interesting fellow selling wax-lights in the busy Strand. "I'm a native of the same provincial town," he said, "that could shock a whole town. I could thrill the people with horror if I were to confess my secret. But, for the sake of my two married brothers, who are Christian men, the secret of my life will die with me. They believe I'm dead. In a work-house hospital I

Found a Dying Man

with the same surname as mine. He was one of the great army of unknown nobodies, so I tacked my Christian name, age and address of my brothers on to the dying man, pretending that he had communicated them to me, and he worked his way out of the work-house as my brother of my decease." Whether they came to my funeral or not, or sent money to pay the expenses, I know not. I left next day, and I've felt dead in character ever since. I don't know me now. I'm so changed in features and appearance. I'm a lost soul—lost, lost for ever!"

There was infinite pathos in his last words, and his words were pushed by, ignorant of sin's triumph at their side.

Many of the men whom we interviewed on the streets had very common life-histories. They were colorful and chiefly in their confessions. The streets, we found, contained a vast amount of instructive and warning biographies, and we shall endeavor to return to this interesting situation in another issue.—Social Gazette.

SIMCOE.—Glad to say we are still alive. Since last report we have been having glorious times. We have had a visit from Major and Mrs. Southall, which was enjoyed by all. Four souls in the Foundry came. At one o'clock a week old had the joy of helping to point his father, a backslider of years standing, to Jesus. It got hot for the backsliders. A man started for his home in the country. At the same time some distance was brought back by the Spirit of God, and rushed into from outdoors to the penitent form, and glad to get there. Two more backsliders came. Hallelujah! We ended Sunday dancing happy. Monday night's banquet a good time. 14 souls have been saved this last two weeks, some who ought to have been weeks years ago. It pays to obey. One lady gave her heart to God when sick in bed. Watch us, for there is more to follow.—N.E. Green, Capt., for M. E. Green, Ensign.



WE SHALL DO VALIANTLY THROUGH GOD.

"Only Pearls!"

(To our frontispiece.)

By BRIGADIER FRIEDRICH.

Our conception of wealth and poverty is very incorrect, as a whole, and differs with the individual. The miser is considered fabulously rich, while he thinks himself a pauper, and rightly so. The millionaire who travels all over the world to consult the most famous doctors with regard to the disease that racks his body with pain, considers the healthy, hard-working farmer a richer man, and envies him his robust appetite that adds a far finer flavor and relish to his frugal table than the finest delicacies, that have cost small fortunes to procure, possess for the owner of millions.

Then the real value of the possession by which we judge wealth depends upon the opportunity to exchange the same to meet our needs; hence that which the world rightly calls riches under certain conditions would be valueless under others.

An Arab who had joined a caravan that was travelling a part of the great desert unknown to him, had been separated from the rest in one of the disastrous sand storms. In the endeavour to find his companions he lost his way and had travelled two days without seeing the sea, and without a drop of water so carefully preserved had given out. There was no shelter to be seen from the fierce rays of the sun, and reason struggling with madness, when the fainting man discovered not far from him, lying on the hot sand, a leather bag, such as is used in transporting dates and other fruit across the desert. The Arab urged his camel to greater speed and gave voice to a cry of joy, which sounded like half a sob on account of his dry swollen tongue, which already impeded articulation. Like a flash he alighted from his beast and grabbed the bag. With eager hands the bag was opened, and with hopeless despair he gasped, "Only pearls!" and sunk exhausted beside the treasures which represented tens of thousands of dollars.

Had the Arab been near a village, his find would have enabled him to buy not only food for the rest of his life, but also to bring him into possession of a mansion and servants, and many other so-called comforts of this life; but in the desert—starving and alone—the pearls had no value, he was as poor a man after he found them as he had been before. The jewels could not procure him a drop of water. They were only pearls!

Ever since I first read this story in my boyhood, its lesson has clung to me. For years at a time I had forgotten it, until something transpired which contained the same lesson, and instantly some voice within me would whisper, "Only pearls!"

When the fascinating reports of marvellous finds of the yellow metal evoked the Klondike fever, a stampede of thousands upon thousands rushing to that Arctic region commenced, which has now been called the Yukon. Immense rush, of course. Included men who were insufficiently equipped, and the transportation facilities were inadequate to supply the demands for food. The result was that while the country practically produced no food of the vegetarian kind and little in the animal line, except some game, the crowd of men, the clamor of demands for food, the clamor of the privation were heard of every day.

They were Swedish by nationality, and they had invested their little savings in the purchase of miners' outfits and tools. They were very fortunate in their search and found a claim that yielded them over \$70,000 as the result of the first "wash-up."

Plans were made to return to the south, since provisions had almost given out. Then the elder of the brothers took sick. The other one tenderly nursed him, but inside of two weeks he died, in spite of all the loving attention given him.

The surviving brother poked his sleigh with the precious gold dust and what few provisions he had left, and started on his journey over the treacherous Skagway. He travelled hard by day and by night, and passed one or two other prospectors. He offered half his

wealth for some bacon and beans, but provisions being nearly exhausted with those he met, he was compelled to pass on.

Some weeks later a party of gold-seekers found the frozen corpse of the Swede lying beside the bags containing \$70,000 worth of gold dust, but not a morsel of food could be found with him. "Only pearls!" was the first thought that rushed to my mind.

He was a smart young man. His very appearance at once betrayed his good breeding. He was an exceptionally clever musician; but he had left his native land in disgrace, and his musical talents had led him rather downward instead of lifting him nearer to the source of all music—heaven.

To cut a long story short, he got saved, became a soldier and a power for God in that corps. The officer, who saw at once the opportunity of turning all his abilities into the channels of usefulness for God, urged him to become an officer. He was a clever musician, as mentioned before, he could talk well, he lived a sober and creditable life in the store, where a position had been found him after his conversion, and on the whole, there was an inclination on his part to throw his life in with the Salvation Army. Unfortunately, he hesitated, and the devil utilizing his indecision, brought across his path a young woman, well respected in that town, but not converted. She laughed him to scorn when he told her of his intention to apply for officership and told him she would want to see nothing more of him if he even continued to be a Salvationist.



Main Street, Dawson City.

Taken Good Friday, 1899.

All the buildings in this picture were destroyed in the disastrous fire of April 26th, 1890.

For some time he followed his better convictions and had already determined to obey the call of God at all cost, but as he held back from paying the full price, he weakened in his resolution. After some months he finally decided to remain a soldier only, and the young woman of his choice consented to marry him, without becoming a Salvationist herself.

They were quietly married; he continued to attend meetings, but soon slackened even in that, and the first chance he had, at a time when there was a little hardship to face in the corps, he withdrew altogether from the S. A.

A year after that they brought him home on a shutter. An explosion, while blasting rocks to build a railway, had been timed wrongly, and went off before he had gained a safe distance. A heavy piece of rock had broken his backbone. He couldn't live another hour. His last words to his wife's ear in broken accents, were to the effect that he now saw the great mistake of his life, and advised her to get saved.

"Only pearls," I thought when the story was told me. Yes, he had the bread of life within his reach once, and the opportunity of dealing it out to other starving souls—but he had separated himself, lost his way in the desert, and found that the domestic happiness he had dreamed of was but a glittering trinket that had no power of sustenance in it for his immortal

soul. He died the natural death of spiritual starvation.

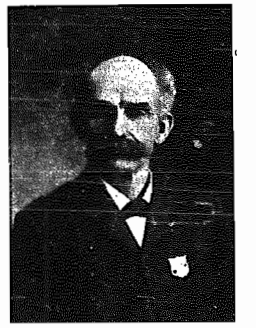
Yet we must not forget that pearls have their value. If we possess them let us use them to purchase with them such needs of ourselves and others as their value will procure.

Talents, whether they be music, or knowledge, or oratory, or business ability, or personal attraction, as well as personal influence, accomplishments, riches, etc., are all pearls that may be used for the lasting benefit of others in feeding their souls, but these things in themselves cannot feed an immortal spirit. Offer them only to a starving soul, and you would mock him like the pearls mocked the starving Arab.

Then you will be starving yourself if you retain these talents and personal acquisitions of yours for and to yourself, just as the miser, who would not part with his money to buy bread, starved, because he could not nourish the body with metal, be it ever as precious.

Metals, like gold, silver, etc., are termed in a chemical sense, elements, because they cannot be separated into other chemical bodies; they are winnowing substances with other elements that form all other bodies of a complicated nature. Now, the human body cannot live if its food would be composed of elementary bodies; the food for man must have first been composed by a lower form of life, that is, it must have been the direct product of vegetation, or of vegetation again assimilated into the flesh of animals. Just so our talents and accomplishments are but elements that cannot

glad to think, as he expresses it, "that he helped to send that business to the devil."



BROTHER STEWART.

Having experienced quite a bit of actual service at the front, we asked him what are the serious reflections of a soldier as he stands face to face with death?

"Not worth reckoning upon," was the unhesitating reply. "He hasn't time to think while shot and shell rattle round him. On a battlefield men get callous even of a comrade's dying groan. 'Poor Jim,' I've heard men say, as one has fallen beside them, 'he's turned his toes up,' and they go on loading and firing as before. It isn't heartless, it's lack of time."

Stewart fought as a cavalry soldier of the Blues until the end of the war, when, having served his time, and eight days before it ended having received his first wound, he said farewell to military life and entered upon a God-forgetting and more or less careless career.

It was not until nearly thirty years later that Wilson Stewart enlisted—in another regiment. He was a backslider of close on twenty years' standing when he met the Salvation Army. He lived with the exception of a few months, when he "kept straight," a roving, reckless life, and it was a broken-down, prematurely-aged man who wandered into the barracks one day. "It's impossible," Stewart goes on after the laugh produced by his story has subsided, "that I was much braver than the old Colonel when first under the Army's fire. I felt like nothing else but running. I never shrunk from a bayonet or a cannon, but to come to close quarters with these decided denouncers of all sin and preliners of its deliverance, I didn't care to. I should have quailed with the man who called me a coward, but all the same I had plenty of the Irishman's caution!"

But the Army has caught many a natively an escaping fish, and Wilson Stewart was no exception. Under the thorough drubbing of Adj. Aikenhead, then stationed at Rapt City, this well-nigh despairing sinner of the Western plains sought and found a conquering salvation. It took a few days before he felt the reality of the blessing given, for when a man has made such clean sweep of idols as Stewart made of his tobacco and pipe, he cannot but be conscious of a not-to-be-forgotten sensation. Nearly ten years have set their seal to the substantial worth of the deed then done.

One hour, it took a few days before he felt the reality of the blessing given, for when a man has made such clean sweep of idols as Stewart made of his tobacco and pipe, he cannot but be conscious of a not-to-be-forgotten sensation. Nearly ten years have set their seal to the substantial worth of the deed then done.

Nature is but a name for an effort. Whose cause is God. —Covper.

Oh, refuse not with life; 'tis but an trifling loss every moment, day by day, Press forward to the fruit: Live for the future life; watch and pray. Remember, child of time, Thou art immortal: Oling not heaven away. —H. Bonar.

Stewart's Salvation.

"My mother's name was Jane, and she feared the Lord," said Brother Stewart slowly and thoughtfully. "How much I owe to her influence, prayers and memory, I can only say will reveal. My first impulse towards salvation date back to her godly life and training."

The elder Stewart was of a different temperament to his wife, and too closely unimpaired in the disposition of his soul for the day ever to get on well together. Their fiery tempers were like match and tinder, and before the younger had reached the age of manhood, the frequent outbursts had made him resolve to put the width of the border lines between them. At nineteen Wilson Stewart ran away to the United States to fight the Confederates in the struggle against slavery.

Mrs. Stewart's "Uncle Tom" was the book of the hour, the content was ringing with the sentiments which it voiced, and its civilization, with the exception of the Southern States, was pledged to stamp out slavery. Out of a life which had, up to that time, at best been a reckless, roving existence, Stewart is

LIVING SHADOWS.

A Novel Meeting, and How It Is Done.

Under the above title I have conducted, during the recent weeks, with the aid of a number of Headquarters officers, a novel demonstration, which has been successful in every place where we produced it. Having received requests from different officers to give information as to the details of the meeting, I have thought it to be serving their interest best by publishing the manner of proceedings in the War Cry.

The advantage of "Living Shadows" is, that it can be arranged with little expense. The first requisite is a large white sheet, similar to the kind used for magic lantern service. This sheet should be put up at least ten feet from the back of the platform, or a greater distance where that is possible, and it should be high enough from the floor to allow those sitting farthest from the platform to see beyond the top of the sheet; this is important. Where the platform itself is too low, it should be raised to the height of at least three feet from the floor of the barracks, and extend across the full width of the sheet. Where the hall is wide some additional drapery should be put up at each side of the sheet, so that the audience cannot see beyond the sheet. In ordinary hall-sheet on each side will generally answer the purpose.

Secondly, you want a box, say fifteen inches square, or as near to that measure as possible; it is not at all necessary to be exactly that measure. This box should have a sliding front, a hole in the centre of the top about two inches in diameter, and a few small holes in the back near the bottom, where they will leak the least light. Into this box you set a low coal oil lamp—one with a Rochester round burner is to be preferred—the flame should be exactly under the hole in the top. When using this lantern box, place it about three feet above the lowest part of the sheet (behind the sheet, not in front, as in case of a magic lantern) and as far from the sheet as you can. Remember the box must not be placed higher than mentioned if you want to get good results. The sliding front, of course, conceals the light until the signal is given when it is raised quickly, and remains there until each scene is over, when it is quickly dropped. Signals for raising and dropping the sliding door of the box should be given by a table bell which the speaker has on his little table.

The persons who represent the characters of the scene must always keep as close to the sheet as possible, and should never be more than a foot from its surface. Also be careful that the light thrown from the lantern box upon the sheet is square and does not go beyond the sheet on either side or the top. This can easily be avoided by making the slide narrower if necessary and not drawing it out to the full extent. A little previous practice will suggest the best arrangements.

The idea of the meeting is, that the audience sees only the sheet and the shadows thrown upon it by the things and persons standing and moving close behind it, the light giving a sharp and clearly defined shadow. If the directions given are followed, if the objects which throw the shadows are kept too far from the sheet the shadow will be enlarged and become less distinct.

In one scene we speak of "a gentleman lighting a cigar"; this should not be a real cigar, of course, but a piece of paper rolled up to have the shape of a cigar will do. Remember that in all scenes it is only desirable that the shadow should resemble certain things which in reality may be quite inexpensive. For instance, in Scene III, of the 1st set, the safe which is blown out can be made of cardboard, etc.

After the usual preliminaries have been gone through, all lights are turned out and the speaker takes his stand in front and a little to one side of the sheet, so that the figure shall not intercept the view of any person in the audience. On a little table he will place this War Cry, or a written program and a little stool (a bicycle lamp will do) to throw sufficient light upon the reading, but none into the room or the sheet.

It is impossible to give the detailed text for all the different scenes, the speaker should supply such by carefully following the scenes on the sheet. Ring the bell for the light to be shown, and again ring the bell for shutting off the scene.

I.—How Criminals are Made and Un-made.

Scene I.—The Boy Thief.

A gentleman comes up lighting a cigar; while doing so, a little boy creeps up from behind and steals the gentleman's pocket-handkerchief.

Scene II.—Burglar.

The same boy, ten years later. Enters with a knife, drills a safe, inserts a fuse and blows out the door. Takes bags of money and leaves.

Scene III.—Highway Robber.

Later still. The boy has become more desperate. Meets gentlemen at night and asks time of him. Gentleman looks at watch, which the other snatches from him. A third accomplice comes and holds revolver to his head while both are robbing the victim.

Scene IV.—The Arrest.



The criminal is at last stopped by the arm of the civil law. A policeman meets him on the street, and after passing him once, turns back and engages him in conversation. Being convinced that he has spotted the man, he arrests him. The criminal resists, but after a violent struggle is finally overpowered and handcuffed.

Scene V.—Behind the Bars.



While in prison he finds time for reflection. His past life with its evil record stares him in the face. A member of the League of Mercy visits him and gives him a War Cry, also talks to him about his soul and God's mercy. He kneels in prayer with him before she leaves the prison.

Scene VI.—Discharged.

The time of discharge has arrived. The friendly guard shakes hands with him and gives him some good advice. His heart is heavy; not knowing where to go, he stands considering whether it is worth while to start a new life, as he had resolved in prison, or not. At that moment a Salvationist comes up, who has been informed by the

League of Mercy Sister of the date of his discharge, and invites him to come to the Prison-Gate Home, where a chance will be given him to commence life in a better way.



Solo: THE GENERAL'S DREAM.

We have a grand Salvation plan.
Of which I'm going to tell;
The greatest ever made by man
To rescue souls from hell.
Salvation—Human and Divine,
Of soul and body too.
We'll have eternity in time.
When the General's dream comes true.

Chorus.

Oh, the General's dream, that noble scheme,
Gives John Jones work to do;
He'll have a bed and be well fed.
When the General's dream comes true.

For the hungry, starving, homeless wretches,
Abounding everywhere,
His scheme allows that every sex
Deserves a cal-horse fare.
The cal-horse has his work you'll find.
With food and shelter too;
Man shall no longer be behind.
When the General's dream comes true.

In the grand old Book of books we read,
In Eden's garden he did feed,
God made man from the ground;
Where plenty did abound.
But now he's starving in the slums,
And can't get work to do;
To the garden back we'll bring the hums.
When the General's dream comes true.

From the city colony to the farm,
Transplanted Jones will be,
And then with rural knowledge armed,
To the colony over sea.
Old things will pass away you'll see.
And everything come new;
You'll read his name, John Jones,
M.P.
When the General's dream comes true.

II.—The Tramp's Friend.

Scene I.—Forsaken.

The old tramp with the crownless hat, stubby beard and tattered garments appears on street. It is below zero. He rubs his hands and looks up and down; finally he spies a gentleman approaching, and asks him for alms. The man declines, but as the tramp with emphatic gestures continues to press his request, remembers that he has a book of coupons of the S. A. Shelter, and bids one up, which he gives to the tramp. Both walk off in different directions.



Scene II.—In the Shelter.

The tramp enters the Shelter and takes his seat at the table; the waiter takes his coupon and brings him a bowl of soup, which is spooned up and at last drained dry. A plate with food, a slice of bread, and a mug of tea follows and is disposed of speedily. The tramp gives every evidence of pleasure and finally the Captain takes him to the dormitory, tells him he must saw wood in the morning to pay for his bed.

CHORUS.

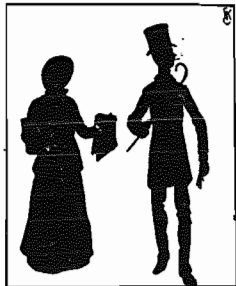
Tune.—Two lovely black eyes.

God save old Brown,
God save old Brown,
From being a loafer and hanging
'round town,
God save old Brown,

III.—War Cry Selling.

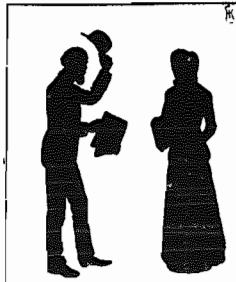
Scene I.—The Dude.

Lassie selling War Cry on street meets a dude, who is asked to buy. Lassie, with every gesture of disgust, pushes the paper from him, passes on.



Scene II.—The Friend.

A business man is accosted and readily buys, with much fuss. He is promise in his talk and inquires friendly after the local work and various soldiers' well-being. After paying for the paper he passes on.



Scene III.—The Drunk.

Lassie meets a drunk, who becomes very friendly, and finally falls to the ground, making a few futile efforts to rise. Lassie tries to lift him, but fails, and goes to fetch help. In the meantime some Philistines appear on the scene and mock the poor drunk in various ways. Then rush off to find a policeman. Three Salvationists appear next, who lift the drunken man bodily and carry him off to the S. A. Temple. After they have left, the policeman appears on the scene, to find the third drunk. (This is a true story which only recently took place in Toronto.)

Other scenes may be added as desired; for instance, (a) selling from door to door; the lassie coming up to a door, which opens and a friendly lady buys a Cry. (b) At another a rough man pushes the seller back and slams the door; lassie prays on door-step. (c) Selling Cry in saloon. A typical saloon scene—Lassie offers Cry for sale and sings them a verse of a song from it.

Something should be said about the newspapers and periodicals of the Army, which are printed in 17 different languages, and have a total average circulation of over one million copies per week in the main portion of the globe. There are 52 distinct publications—monthly and weekly—issued by the S. A.

SOLO.

Good evening, friends, I'm glad to introduce to you the Cry.
A paper that you ought not to omit to buy;
A paper full of glorious news, for prince and pauper, too,
A paper that is sure to please good folks like you.

Chorus.

War Cry! War Cry! War Cry!
Five cents will buy a copy with columns sixty-four.
Devoted to the spreading of the S. A. war;
No quack advertisements appear with cures for grent and small,
But free and full salvation, good for one and all.

Spoken.—"Hey, Serret, Brown, take War Cry to that lady—now, another there—that's it, going like hot cakes, easily as a pneumatic—tyred safety down an incline.

"Friends, you will find the matter as bright as the electric light, refreshing as 'Baudy,' and your verdict will probably be—'Two of the very best things to be seen are the General and the War Cry.'"

Some people greet us with a sneer and elevate their eye,
Or give a leer as we appear, and say, "War Cry!"

"Hey, Jack, there goes the Army! hove it out, you'll hear the drum!"
But if you meet us in the street, say, "War Cry? come."

Spoken.—"And then, Sister Jones, or Brother Thompson, as the case may be, will run across the road, saying, 'Certainly, ma'am; we have a wonderful War Cry this week. See what it contains' (reads contents); 'and don't be surprised if he suddenly shouts out.' (Chorus.)

Bill Sikes was once a boozier, his wife had weeping eyes;
But when he read this paper his own tears would rise:
The Lord spoke, through the War Cry, and broke Bill's rocky heart;
He then got saved, and on the Cry he took his part.

Spoken.—"Yes, ladies and gentlemen, the dear fellow, whose home was a hovel, his wife a broken-hearted woman, and his children in rags, was saved, by the grace of God, through the instrumentality of the War Cry—and he is only a typical case; there are many such cases. If you meet him in the street give him a smile, and say, 'Tass me a War Cry, sir,' and you will probably hear him say, with a broad grin of delight:— (Chorus.)

IV.—Daisy.

This is a verbatim representation of the story by the Field Commissioner, which appeared some time back in the War Cry, only divided into scenes now.

Scene I.—Daisy's Home.



Daisy by name, and daisy indeed in form—a daisy in a slum, perhaps, but all the same a daisy, despite the pinched features, pale cheek, ragged frock and naked feet. She darts up the rickety stairway of the drunkard's home, and to the pale-faced mother, who pines her needle and thread until the early hours of the morning, holding up a bunch of faded flowers, and cries, "Look, mother, now I can sell them for something for your supper."

Scene II.—Daisy on the Street.

The little bare head and naked feet stand a long time in the biting wind of the winter's night, but no one buys.

At last a well-dressed man, to the delight of the child, asks:



"And what do you expect to get for that faded rosebush, little one?"

"Whatever you like to give, sir." The heart of the purchaser, evidently touched by the pitiful, appealing glance of the eyes uplifted, gives ten cents, and a looker-on might have thought that the breath of the night had caught the child, for the speed with which she passed down the street.

Scene III.—Daisy Kicked.

It was the first silver coin the tiny fingers had clasped, and too excited to retain her joy, immediately on reaching the wretched home, calls out as she climbs the rickety stairs: "Oh, mother, mother, ten cents, a gentleman gave it me—for the flowers I have sold them. Look, mother!" holding up the coin—"all shilling."



Unfortunately the father is there, has heard the words "ten cents," and demands that the money be given to him; the child crouches with terror behind the door of the garret.

"Give me that money," cried the father. "No, no!" screams the child, "I have got it for mamma. It's to buy her something to eat. I've got it—it's my own, for mamma."

The man, enraged with drunken fury, "I'll teach you to keep money from your father," lifts up his foot—a man's foot—with a boot on a man's foot, and kicks the little figure against the opposite wall of the garret, when she is splashed with her blood. He snatches the coin from the now unconscious fingers, and the monster of brutality slings her down stairs heedless of where his heavy foot had fallen, into the nearest saloon.

Scene IV.—Daisy's Father in Saloon



He turns just as the man behind the bar is saying:

"Why, you might have thought the little one had got wings fixed on there

and then; she simply flew, bare feet too; 'twere't the flowers, you know; they're no worth," pointing to the faded bunch lying on the bar, "but 'twere just to give her sound; I tell you, now, I wish I'd given her more; she looked so pitiful and hungry, too—I believe she said her mother was sick; anyway, I never saw feet run like those little uns; I can't get the sight on her out of me eyes!"

The drunken father stayed no longer to hear more of the conversation, but turned conscience-smitten into the street.

Scene V.—Daisy's Father Converted

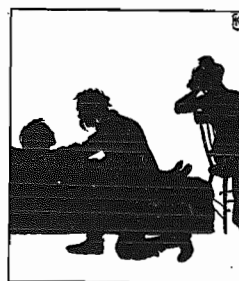
Just at that moment the thrill of an Army drum and the ringing strains of cornet attracted attention. Not knowing whither to go he follows the procession into the barracks; the meeting goes on; somebody talks to him; everybody prays with him; somebody cries over him; and while they sing:



"All the waters of the sea cannot wash my sins away,
But Thy precious Blood can do the deed to-day;
Jesus, Jesus, while o'er my sins I grieve,
Thou canst receive me and cleanse. I believe,"
the man gets soundly converted.

Scene VI.—Daisy Dying.

He hies home, up the stairs, tells his wife the story. He is never going to drink anymore, he says. With tears in the woman's eyes, scarcely knowing whether to believe it, she says, "Hush," and points to the little heap of rags and whiteness on the bed. The only color there was the heavy blood-stains on the brow.



"Oh, my God, have I killed her?" the man gasped.

"No, but you have kicked her eye out."

The marble-like figure stirred. "Oh, is that you, papa? Come here to me, papa; I am not dead, and I am not sleeping. I have heard all you've said to mamma. Oh, I'm so glad you're made good, papa! I don't mind losing my eye, if you'll only be good and good to mamma. I would lose my two eyes to make you good."

The fall figure of the man went down in a heap at the child's side, and the two little arms, blindly feeling, found their way round his neck.

"Papa," she said, "could you sing one of the hymns they sing where they have those bright meetings?"

"Oh, Daisy, I can't sing; I don't know any good songs. I don't know nothing good yet."

quivers, from darts of pain, rang through the garret:

"There is a better world, they say,
Oh, so bright!
Where sin and woe are done away,
Oh, so bright!
There angels fill the balmy air,
And angels with bright wings are there,
And harps of gold, and mansions fair,
Oh, so bright!"

and an angel, kissing the cheek, bore the little spirit to the land of which the child did speak, while the broken-hearted father poured on the face, cold in death, the hot and passionate kisses that should have been given in life—the little darling did give her two eyes and the gift thrust open the flood-gates of parental affection, and let loose the rivers of redeeming grace.

ALL TOGETHER SING:

And though we're sinners, every one,
Jesus died!
And though our crown of peace is gone,
Jesus died!

We may be cleansed from every stain,
We may be crowned with bliss again,
And in that land of Glory reign,
Jesus died!

Turn on the lights while singing, and give the invitation, going at once into the prayer-meeting. B. F.

GOD IN A WORD.

Words are signs. They express thoughts. They present ideas. Their power is often beyond all proportion to their character. "Go" may convey by one person a mark of honor, or by another dishonor. A small word, full of momentous effect. The fact is, words are not valued by themselves. The person who utters them, and the spirit in which they are spoken, have to be considered. God in one word by one person may bring life; the same word in another's lips may savour of death.

"Good-night, sir, God bless you," said a soldier to a neighbor, as he was about to pass into a close and enter his home. The soldier put his sword into his heart. A sincere spirit animates words. God was in those simple words.

"Don't go, George," replied the person addressed.

"I trouble," immediately asked the Salvation soldier.

"Am never out of it, man; if I get out of one trouble it is only to fall into another."

"There's no rest for the wicked," commented the Salvationist. "While you keep God out of your life, I'm afraid there's a lot more trouble in store for you, Sandy."

"It's a perfect hell."

"I know it. I have passed through it myself. I know how it feels. To know what is right, and sometimes to have a strong desire to do it, and yet be without the power to do it, presents a picture of what you will be in hell if you die in your present state."

"It can't be much worse, George, than it is here in Glasgow."

"Oh, yes, it will."

"In what way?"

"In hell you will have no chance at all; in Glasgow you have just one."

"Just one? How do you make that out?"

"Because we have only the present moment to call our own; so that you have but one chance to get right with God."

"Well, I will," the man said, in such an emphatic manner as to surprise even the man of faith. The fact is, he was ready for God. He was tired of living without God, and had prayed, he had made a bargain with himself before the Salvationist appeared. "If he speaks one word of salvation to me, I will believe that God does not wish to cast me off," the man had said; so that when he heard by saying, "God bless you" he felt satisfied that God was in the word.

He and his family are all Salvationists today.—London War Cry

A friend, it is another name for God. Whose love inspires all love, is all in all.

Profane it not, lest lowest shame be around me, papa? You know, like you never did, and hold me up and I will sing." The rough arm, unaccustomed to expressions of affection or tenderness, held up the little form, and the weak, trembling voice, with many



Weekly Watchword :

Saved to Serve.

Daily Tonic.

SUNDAY.

Once Slaves of Sin, now Servants of
Righteousness.—Romans vii. 22.

Once the servants of sin, now the
servants of righteousness; once in the
pay of all iniquity and receiving the
wages of sin, which is death, now re-
joicing in the freedom of a glad service
to Heaven. Whose reward is eternal
life. What a happy change.

MONDAY.

Essentials for satisfactory Service.—
1. Ch. xxviii. 9.

Two things we must possess in order
to please God in our service—one is a
perfect heart, and the other a willing
mind. The Blood of Jesus will give
the former right, a union with His will
must guarantee the latter.

TUESDAY.

Serve God by a Holy Life.—Romans
xlv. 17 and 18.

To make our service acceptable to
God and a credit in the sight of man
should be our ambition. To do this we
must manifest righteousness, peace
and joy. Integrity in all things, free-
dom from unnecessary friction and a
cheerful content, are qualities bound
to make their mark on the lives of
others.

WEDNESDAY.

Whole-hearted Service.—Col. iii. 23
and 24.

A grudging service in God's eyes is
no service at all. To serve God all
the heart must be given, all the life
consecrated. No soldier of the Cross
over regrets having spent his all in
the service of His King—it is the only
life that will bear looking back upon.

THURSDAY.

Faithful Service.—Matt. xxiv. 46.

Our idea of a faithful servant on
earth is one that does his duty to his
master whether the master's eye is on
him or not. In our service for Heaven
the eye of our Master is ever watching
us, and it is the man who does right in
the smallest as well as in great op-
portunities of life, who shall receive
His final "Well done."

FRIDAY.

Honorable service recognised.—John
xii. 26.

Good men and true often receive
their honor on earth as well as in
heaven. God's recognition rests upon
faithful duty over in this life. The
grey hairs that have whitened in the
King's cause are rarely rewarded by
dishonor. A good old man may not be
rich, but he is in most cases a respect-
ed one.

SATURDAY.

Heavenly Service.—Rev. vii. 15.

To a great many energetic soldiers
of Christ—here is a joy to think that
the Bible holds out possibilities of a
glorified service in the skies. If ser-
vice here, while battling against op-
position and difficulty, and often amid
multifold temptations, is so sweet,
what will be the bliss of service
wrought under such happy conditions?

WANTED!

Army literature to send to the lum-
ber camps. Address Brigadier Mrs.
Read, S. A. Temple, Albert Street, To-
ronto.

Epigrams.

By JOUBERT.

Conceited people always seem to me
like dwarfs, to have the stature of a
child and the countenance of a man.

Nothing costs children so much trou-
ble as thought. This is because the
ultimate and essential destiny of the
soul is to see and to know, and not to
think. Thought is one of the tasks of
life, a method of attainment, a road, a
passage, but not an end in itself. To
know, and to be known, are the two
pivots of rest; here will be the happi-
ness of souls.

A little vanity and a little gratifica-
tion of the senses. These are what
make up the life of the majority of
women and men.

Contradiction only irritates us, be-
cause it disturbs us in our peaceful
possessions of some opinion, or of

some pre-eminence. That is why it
is more irritating to the weak man
than to the strong, and to the huff
than to the healthy.

It is never other people's opinions
that disturb us, but only the desir-
e they sometimes show to impose them
upon us, against our will.

We may fall into inconsistency
through error. It is a fine thing to
fall into it through truth, and then we
must throw ourselves into it headlong.

The multitude are capable of virtue,
but not of wisdom. More inflexible in
a question of value than in a question
of preference—they can recognize, but
they cannot choose. There is more
meaning than one would think in the
joke against the butcher, who, having
need of a lawyer, went into the law
court, and there chose the stoniest.

The first poets and writers made
men wise; modern writers try and
make men mad.



Christ and Nicodemus.

Hitherto those who had chiefly
sought Jesus, or showed any practical
response to His teachings, were men
of the poorer and fishermen classes.
Nicodemus, as a member of the San-
hedrin, belonged to the wealthier and
ruling people, and was thus a man
of considerable importance in the Jewish
world. That he came to enquire of
Christ at night does not necessarily
show that he was enshroued by cowardly
fear of the Jews; it may have been
that he did not want to commit
himself in the eyes of the world until
he was convinced of the truth of the
Saviour's teachings.

How did Christ meet Nicodemus?
Was there any favor shown him be-
cause he was a great man in the social
and religious world? Far from it.
Christ gave him the most direct and
uncompromising definition of God's
will that He had yet uttered. What a
lesson does the definiteness of Christ's
dealings with men teach to the Chris-
tian world to-day? He never mixed
matters with anybody, nor lowered the
standard of what was right to gain the
favor of a soul. In God's sight, all
men are equal in their importance as
possessors of never-dying souls, and
all must be dealt with accordingly.
Let us guard against the hideous

temptation of making salvation easy
for anybody.

There is no royal road to real re-
ligion. A definite experience must have
a definite start, and there is no right
commencement but a thorough change
of heart.

Thousands have got wrong here.
They stepped into a religious profes-
sion without the experience of con-
version, which alone can equip a man
with spiritual possession. At the time,
perhaps, there is no striking weakness
manifest in their walk, but sooner or
later the shaky character of their faith
is bound to be declared. They cannot
say, "I KNOW in Whom I have be-
lieved," and the world soon finds it
out, and judges accordingly. Before
long they have made shipwreck of
their insecure salvation, and are brand-
ed as failures in all eyes. But such do
not detract from the all-conquering
value of Saving Grace which is able to
save to the uttermost all and each who
will abandon themselves to its influ-
ence.

Salvation is the hope of the world.
When all who name the Name of
Christ, and profess to be His
followers, have actually passed
from death unto life, and are
definitely and uncompromisingly
consecrated to God and His pur-
poses, the day of the Sun of righteous-
ness will have dawned round the uni-
verse.

He who cannot keep silence cannot
gain necessity. In action, speak
yourself; in speech, spare yourself;
in action, fear sloth; in speech, fear
abundance, ardour and volubility.

Wisdom is a science by which we
distinguish things that are good for
the soul from those that are not. It is
the science of sciences, because it al-
ways knows their value, their exact im-
portance, their true use, their dangers
and their purpose.

"Fear God" has made many a man
pious, the proofs of the existence of a
God have made many men atheists.
From the defence springs the attack;
the advocate begets in his hearer a
wish to pick holes; and men are at-
tacked led on, from the desire to con-
tradict the doctor, to the desire to
contradict the doctrine. Make truth
harmless, and do not try to arm her;
mankind will then be far less inclined
to contend with her.

The writers who have influence are
the only men who express perfectly
what others think, and whose words
men's minds feelings that were ready
to blossom. In the depths of human
mind all literatures lie dormant.

As the Master Sees.

(A Legend.)

Years ago I read a story
That I never shall forget
Just a legend of the Saviour,
But His memory haunts me yet.
Though not found in sacred writing,
Yet I always think it true.
For it seemeth like the Master,
Just what He would say and do.
Jesus, with His loved disciples,
Once was walking by the sea,
O'er them shone the sun in splendor,
At their feet lay Galilee.
Sweet the Master's discourse with
them,

As He taught those chosen few
Deeper secrets of the Scripture.
Then the learned Rabbi came,
Sweeter far to them His accents
Than the sweetest song of birds;
Time and place alike forgotten,
As they listened to His words.
Suddenly upon their musings
Broke a harsh, discordant noise;
Mingled shouts and cries now reach
them,

With a troop of men and boys
Round the nearest hill are going
A half-famished dog appears.
On they urge the maddened creature,
With fierce blows and cruel jeers.
Springing forward with new courage,
As the writing group he spies,
Drooping, with a cry half human,
At the Saviour's feet he died.
His mis-shapen, shrunken body
Was a mass of putrid sores;
By the heels he had been beaten
Till the blood oozed from the pores.
Both to sight and smell offensive,
Was the carcass as it lay.
Peter, always first in action,
Spurred it with his foot away,
Saying, "Master, sore it grieves me
That Thou shouldst list this object see,
Stench so vile, sight so repulsive,
Should be kept afar from Thee."

But the Master answered, "Peter,
While thou saw'st but wounds and
sores,
Thou didst fail his teeth to notice,
They than pearls were whiter far."
Peter, shameful, made no answer,
But the lesson came to all;
Good is found in every being,
Though great may have been his fall.

Pearls of priceless worth are buried
Far beneath the ocean's wave;
So in darkness souls are waiting
For the hand stretched out to save.
For the hand stretched out to save.
Let us, as we journey onward,
Then the dark of love unfurl,
Remembering what we deem as worth-
less.

May conceal a priceless pearl.

Julia Leslie
Bridgetown, N. S.

NEPEAWA, Man.—We had a won-
derful time in our holiness meeting
Sunday. One dear sister volunteered
out and got the victrola. Sing-song
meeting in the afternoon went with
a swing. The duet by Bro. "Sam" and
the Captain was enjoyed by all present.
At night deep conviction, but
none yielded.—Lieut. Hanson.



The Days that "Used to Was,"

Or, WAR MEMORIES OF A VETERAN.

By BRIGADIER COMPLIN.

SUNSHINE in the face is a very desirable quality for a Salvationist, and Staff-Capt. Geo. Manton has generally a typical sunshine salvation face for whoever may visit his office.

The Staff-Capt. is not a young man—not in years, that is; he reckons he is pretty young, and whoever looks at the solid way his body is constructed can well believe that such a broad, sturdy physique will resist the decay of age many years longer; but it will be seen he is not in some senses young, when we say he has been a citizen of Toronto for 41 years.

George Manton was among the first to join the Salvation Army at its inception in Toronto. He can take you in imagination through the whole course of events from the day that the Salvation shot was fired to the current happenings of to-day. Of course, he is full of stories of the war—the early days especially furnish rich material for his reminiscences.

Staff-Capt. Manton has a photographic gallery of Salvation celebrities, some of whom are shining now in the fuller glory of the Lord's own presence; some are fighting the good fight in this and other lands, and some—alas! have suffered a sad eclipse and are tossed hither and thither on the stormy sea of life, devils, making for no harbor of safety, carrying no crowd of happy messengers with them—but drifting down to doom!

Oldest Canadian Salvationist.

The Staff-Capt. points with no small degree of satisfaction to the fact that he is the oldest remaining Canadian officer and soldier of the Salvation Army, and has been kept faithful until now.

Something started the Staff-Capt. on one of his stories the other day, and we are sending the same through the War Cry to our readers as a means of encouragement, especially to those engaged in the hard fight.

Said the Staff-Capt. (looking through his spectacles)—"It is fourteen years ago since I applied for the work. I had a good situation, but was leaving it for another at \$12 per week. I was full of life and dash, and had a voice as clear as a bell. In those days I used to get \$10 and \$20 a night for singing. I have sung in the Auditorium before the Governor General, and I think I may say, without egotism, that I was a popular singer. But my heart had been stirred up about this Army work. The fire had got hold of me. There was no rest in my bones, and before I accepted this new situation I went to see Commissioner Coombs. I stood talking with him at the door of the Headquarters (Headquarters and the Commissioner's house were one at that time), on Esther St. I just presented my case to him, and told him if he wanted me he must decide at once. He should have to take the situation that was offered me on the Monday following.

"He answered me in three words—'Go to T.'"

"I accordingly arranged my affairs—left the little woman (his wife) as comfortably as I could. Some blamed me for leaving good prospects for such an uncertain way of living as the Army seemed to present. But I said God had called me, and the following week I went by train to T—."

"When I got out at the station, a big shank of a fellow came up to me and said, 'Hello, old man! You're the new Captain?' I said, 'Yes.' He replied, in a most despairing and down-hearted way, 'God help us.' 'That'll help us,' I said. 'God will help us to get the fire burning, sinners converted, and the work rolling on.' I found that through some unfortunate circumstances, the corps which had been long open, had got into very low water. Everybody was down-hearted, and thought the Army was dying. 'That night at open-air I met a soldier, appeared. So says I to the Lieutenant, 'Come on, Lieutenant, let's go to the open-air,' and away we went with the drum and flag to the centre of the town, the flag being carried by an untrained man—a coarse Irishman, by name McCartney. Says he, 'Captain, I'll carry the ban-

ner for you.' 'All right,' says I, and away we went.

Loud Singing.

"The people were peeping through the doors and windows, wondering what I was going to do, I suppose, but when I got to the town centre, I knelt down on the cold, wet stones in the rain and prayed to God to send His blessing upon us, and to convert some sinner. I got up and sang a solo—'Where is my wandering boy to-night?' I sang so loud that the people at Meriton—1½ miles away—told me that they heard me singing. My heart was full, and I sang in the power of the Spirit. Listening to me that night was a poor drunkard and gambler, and a wandering boy at that—a jail-bird just out of Sing-Sing, having served three years—had come out that very week. I got him to go back to the barracks with us. When we got to the barracks for the inside meeting, a number of soldiers were on hand and wanted to get on the platform, but says I, 'No you don't—not until you have been to the penitent form. If you can't fight with me in the open-air, you are not going to fight with me inside.'"

"We had a lovely meeting. The gambler came out broken-hearted to the penitent form. When the light broke into his soul he was filled with

joy, and willing to do anything for God. Says he to me, 'Captain, here's \$750 worth which I have won in gambling. I do not mean to touch a cent of it, and before my eyes he tore them up (which were in notes of hand) into shreds.'"

"But," we interrupted, "if he came out of prison that week, where would he have time to get those notes of hand?"

The Staff-Capt. replied, 'He had had them all the three years of his term in prison, and a gambling debt, let me tell you, will be paid sooner than a stone hill. There is humor even amongst gamblers. Said he, with tears streaming down his cheeks, 'It is 14 years since I wrote to my mother, and she does not know but that I am a respectable young man to-day, but I will write to her to-night.'"

A New Barracks.

"From that night the revival spread. Those who had wondered what the new Captain was going to be like, felt that God was with him, and came over to help us wholesale. A gentleman whom I had got to read the lesson, said to me a few days after, 'Captain, that hall is a great expense for you. \$22 a month is a lot of money. Come over and look at this place of mine.' And he took me to a mail house, which had been fitted up for a dancing hall. Says I, 'That's just the place.'"

"Says he, 'Will it suit you?' 'I said, 'Beautifully!'"

"Then says he, 'You can have it for \$1 a year, and I will put the dollar to the collection.'"

"God bless you, sir," says I.

"But," he says, 'you will want some seats, won't you?'"



Ensign Bloss, Dawson City, in his Winter Clothes.

"I said, 'Yes.'"

"Well, come down the yard with me," he replied, 'I've got some lumber there.' And if he didn't give me all the lumber I wanted to make the seats! I tell you it was not long before we had one of the nicest little barracks around the country. In three weeks we cleared off \$75 of debt, and although I was only there a short time, God was with us, and we left the corps in splendid trim.

Visitation

"On my visitation, going down the canal, I dropped into a hammer factory, where a man—a big, gruff Irishman—was making a big sledge hammer.

"I said to the man, 'Good-morning, sir. What are you doing there, sir?'"

"Well," he says, 'I am making this hammer.'"

"I said, 'Are you married, sir?'"

"Yes," says the man, 'I live in that little cottage on the hill top.'"

"I suppose you have got a little boy who comes to see you at dinner-time—do you love him?'"

"Well, I suppose I do," said the man. "Do you love your wife? says I.

"What are you at? said the man hastily.

"Well, sir," I said, 'I thought you thoroughly understood your business in hammering that hammer, and the thought occurred to me, have you learned the secret of tempering your own heart? Are you converted?'"

"The man stopped his work, and looking me full in the face, said 'I'm afraid I am not, sir.'"

"Then," said I, 'you cannot love your wife nor your little ones as you should do, unless you get converted. What a change it would make in your life and home if you gave your heart to God! And I saw the tear drop.

"What you say is perfectly correct."

"The bulk of my time at that place was spent visiting the men in the boats, as they passed up and down the Welland Canal. There were wooden shanties up and down the banks of the canal, which formed a cover for the men. I used to go in there and drop on my knees or sit on the floor at their feet, and say, 'God bless you, are you converted?' Sing with them and then invite them to Christ."

Quite Poetical

PORTAGE LA PRAIRIE—All alive and kicking. Since last report seven at the Mercy Seat—4 for salvation, 2 backsliders, 1 for full salvation. Bless God! He's good.

Stick to the gunnery, lads, the Blood-and-Fire show!

Get into the bonnet, lasses, let the people know.

The world you have forsaken and to Jesus now you go.

For the self and pride and worldliness are underneath the flow.

—Shakespeare II.

I notice three brand new bonnets on the march today. Glory be to Jesus! —Signed, Me.



ST. FRANCIS OF ASSISI ENDEAVORS TO CONVERT SULTAN MELIC-KAMEL.

St. Francis of Assisi, the well-known founder of the Order of the Franciscans, made his appearance in the Christian army during the time of the crusades. His reputation for piety was spread throughout the Christian world, and had preceded him into the East. Francis was led into Egypt by the fame of the crusade, and by the hope of their effecting some great conversion. The day preceding the last battle, he had a miraculous presentiment of the defeat of the Christians, and imparted his prediction to the leaders of the army, who heard him with indifference. Disappointed with the crusaders, and devoured by the zeal of a mission from God, he then conceived the project of securing the triumph of the faith by his eloquence and the arms of the Gospel alone. He directed his course towards the enemy's camp, out

himself in the way of being taken prisoner by the Saracen soldiers, and was conducted into the presence of the Sultan. Then Francis addressed Melic-Kamel, and said to him, 'It is God Who sends me towards you, to point out to you the road to salvation.' After these words the missionary exhorted the Sultan to embrace the Gospel; he challenged in his presence the doctors of the law, and to confound imposture and prove the truth of the Christian religion, offered to cast himself into the midst of the burning funeral-pile. The Sultan, although otherwise known for his cruelty and hatred of Christians, was so astonished and impressed by the earnest and impetuous zeal of St. Francis that he ordered him to be released and conducted to the quarters of the Mohammedan camp, and permitted him to escape with his life.

GAZETTE.

Promotions—
STAFF-CAPT. TURNER, Pacific
 Province, to be **MAJOR.**
 Lieut. Edwards, of the Industrial
 Colony, to be Captain.

Appointments-

BRIGADIER GASKIN, Provincial Officer of the C. O. P., to be General Secretary, with the oversight of the Central Ontario Province.

MAJOR TURNER, of the Pacific
Province, to be Chancellor of the
C. O. P.

STAFF-CAPT. GAGE, of the North-West Province, to be Chancellor of the Pacific Province.

ADJT. CASS to be Chancellor of the
North-West Province.

ENSIGN BALE to be Cashier of the
Central Ontario Province.

Capt. Morris, Cashier of the Central Ontario Province, to the General Secretary's Office.

EVANGELINE C. BOOTH,
Field Commissioner.



Peace or War.

The nations' representatives are now assembled in Holland to discuss means to bring us closer to a permanent peace among all civilized peoples of the earth. All true Christians will pray that the deliberations of the assembly may be blessed and directed in a special manner by God. It is true, God sits in government, and will ultimately bring about His own purposes, but it is in the power of man to delay or hasten the same. Prayer, if it is anything, is a most efficient force to help us individually, as well as the subjects of our prayer, and fervent prayers on behalf of such an important congress as the one which is considering such questions of vital importance, will not fail to make themselves felt in a very practical manner. If but all the beautiful sentiments passed on behalf of the Peace Convention, in print and in spoken words, became the prayer of the hearts of all Christendom—not the lips only—we could, with certainty, predict enormous accomplishments for good. It will be done unto us according to our faith in this question, as well as in every thing else.

Action.

The Field Commissioner has been putting her precepts into practice, and amidst the mass of business of administration has found time to do a series of private and public meetings. Needless to say, her meetings have met with thorough appreciation, as well as being long or that character that makes them live in our memories. The great Massey Hall meeting is approaching at the time of writing this, and there is every indication that it will be as immense a success as the previous demonstration of like title, which enlisted the sympathies of thousands, and awakened many consciences (that until then had been deaf to the pleadings of Love Divine.

It is success that colors all in life ;
Success makes fools admired, makes
villains honest ;
All the proud virtue of this vaunting
world
Fawns on success or power, howe'er
acquired. —Thompson.

The Field Commissioner
AT LIPPINCOTT.

**A Sunday Night Stamped upon the Recollection of Saint
and Sinner.**

WHAT kind of a time are you going to have to-night, Adjutant ?
I overheard the Chief Secretary ask the faith of Lippincott's commanding officer. Adjt. DeBrisay, answering out of the same, pronounced him "the most Beautiful" man he had ever known.

The unpositioning confidence of a Salvationist staggers scepticism. But that the Adjutant had good grounds for her remark is beyond dispute. At the very least, on every occasion, viz., the Commissioner's night meeting, had been an afternoon of more than ordinary interest. Brigadier Gaskin, the lender, said it was a good meeting; others who were present agreed. The ten Local Officers were commissioned, there were brief speeches and bright singing from Major Horn, Adjt. Stanyon, Sergeant Seeds, "Blissful" Brown, and the band leader, Jake, and others. Brigadier Gaskin made some edifying remarks on Dives and Lazarus, and there was excellent attention. Altogether the meeting was just what both soldiers and sinners for the night's event.

It was a great occasion—the first Sunday service conducted by the Commissioner at the corps. That it was going to be such a success had been foretold by DeBrisay & felt, quite certain.

hurrying down the Garrison stairs (for to begin a meeting late in the Commissioner's estimation, is to begin a meeting ill) our leader had a narrow escape of colliding with what appeared to be the first squad of the firemen's chairs, attempting to wave their salutes, but which afterwards proved to be a brother of hot and confused aspect, struggling with the problem of just about twice as many chairs as men. The first of our comrades devoted comrade to extricate himself and the chairs, we followed the Commissioner down stairs, remarking sotto voce that it was rather significant that chairs should be so numerous in the hall, each having its full complement of seating accommodation.

The mystery was explained on entering the hall. There were plenty of people to cry blessing on the brave gentleman with the chairs. The place was full, from the edge of the well-equipped platform to the swing of Lippincott's green-blaze door.

Stepping to the front with her hands on her hymn-book, but her eye upon the faces before her, we think the Commissioner much have felt some-thing of the inspiration their ordinary gaze presented. It was an ordinary crowd, drawn from front of intelligence and nerve. "Oh, turn ye, oh, turn ye, for why will ye die?" gave the tone to the meeting.

"Oh, how that thought me," is an engaging melody for saints, but we never heard it sung more effectively to sinners than by Staff-Capt. Mantion that night. The old veteran's enthusiasm was infectious. It linked on everyone on the platform and laid hold of the congregation. The music was stiff-necked to that. But, indeed, there had been none before, the purpose of the meeting was too plainly written on face, and lip, and heart. Eternal steps for up or down were going to be taken in that very meeting, and sinners as well as saints felt the significance of

Something of a surprised hush fell upon the crowd as the Commissioner laid her Bible on the stand and said, not "Let us read," but "Let us pray." The gates of heaven's blessing were not unformed that night on behalf of any kind of any sinner for whom her burning petitions were raised.

The Commissioner's Address.

The address which followed is the harder to describe because its force lay as much in feeling as in fact. Eloquence is a word easily defined, but emotion is better experienced than explained, and it was with the weight of nothing less that the Commissioner ripped away excuse, shattered indifference, and declared the immeasurable mercy and limitless power of God's great salvation. The

intrinsic worth of what said might be divided into two values to the unconverted heart :—1st. The hatefulness of the sin they were in. 2nd. The Heaven of Heaven which, if they repented, lay before them. The dusk of evening twilight had already settled down upon the throng, but in the half-lights the faces of many gleamed, white and conscience-stricken, as the speaker, with a sternness and vehemence, plunged the sword of truth into the weak spots of professions before her. She drew pictures with startling graphiteness of description. Men who indulged in appetites which laws of hygiene trembled at, they looked upon their own portrait years hence—"drunkards" staggering past churches, prayer, home, past hope, past mothers' prayers, past wife's pleading, past friends' warnings, and they would stand against their own tombstone and lead heading into an abyss of retribution." The gaulster, the hypocrite, and others were unmasked, and their hidden excesses dragged into the open. It was a time of revelation, men's hearts were laid bare before their own gaze. The ring of avenging justice in the speaker's voice melted into tender pleading as she showed the way to the Cross.

A Well-Fought Prayer Meeting.

The prayer meeting that followed was worthy of the name. It was a pitched battle against that hellish suggestion, "a more convenient season." The influence of indifference had been practically banished. Everybody took part in it: the singing, praying, and believing were of the first order—this is, they were of the first order. There was no more of that. There was a refusal to give in that defied opposition, and barriers went down. The barracks was riddled with salvation shot from the word of God. There was a persistence and persuasion by a gang of fishers, staff and field officers, soldiers and Cadets, who laid hold of the individual, forced him to believe, and then he was kept after an hour's talk, into which she put almost as much physical energy as spiritual force, the Commissioner moved on next to the next building, and then on and on, persuading the halting. Brigadier Gasch held the bridge, the Chief Secretary fished energetically. Mrs. Jacobs and the other women were busy on the other hand to hand conflicts: Major Collier laid hold of a big sinner at the back. Staff-Captain Morris of another at the front, while Major Tom St. John and the other officers and staff were similarly busy. The Staff Band lent something more than color to the occasion—everybody who was a pleader, everybody who was a evangelist, and wasn't praying seemed singing, and everybody was believing.

Salvation came to that house—of course, for the first time, and under such conditions, and some real work was put in at the penitent form. Hot tears fell there, and judging by the earnestness with which God's mercy was sought, what real power was proved.

Numbers of those who went out with conviction's arrows plugging their procrastinating souls will return. Like the young man who, to escape Mrs. Gaskin's pleading, rushed from the building, only to retrace his steps some twenty minutes after to fall on his knees at the front.

"A battle that blessed my soul,"

"A model salvation fight," put in a third. "God give us more of them!" I didn't hear what the soldiers thought, but judging by their looks and lungs in the prayer meeting, we venture to say they enjoyed the meeting up to the hilt.

The love that survives the tomb is one of the noblest tributes of the soul.
—Washington Irving.

Hamilton's Anniversary OF WOMEN'S SOCIAL WORK.

(Special.)

The city's Chief Magistrate, Mayor Teetzel, presided over a large and influential gathering, and spoke in commendatory terms of the reformatory and charitable work done by the Army in Hamtoun. Brigadier Mrs. Reed, Women's Social Secretary, delivered the Anniversary report. Rev. Dr. Bennis, Congregational; Rev. Mr. Emerson, Baptist; Rev. Mr. Jansen, Presbyterian; and Rev. W. F. Wilson, Methodist, made stirring speeches. The Governor of the Jail, quoted unguassable statistics showing a decrease in commitments to the fall among women. Messrs. Ryan, Evangelists, and others, assisted in the meeting at the Jail report following.—Major Stewart.

MAJOR HARGRAVE'S RECEPTION IN MONTREAL.

In accordance with recent announcements in the Witness, the welcome meeting to Major and Mrs. Hargrave, the newly-appointed commanders of this Province, took place at the St. Alexander St. barracks last night. The reception was very enthusiastic, and the attendance of both soldiers and friends was large.

The officers of Point St. Charles corps, the French corps and the Light house, and representative soldiers were called upon by Staff-Capt. Rawling, who presided, for brief addresses of welcome to the new officers, which were delivered in the most cordial terms.

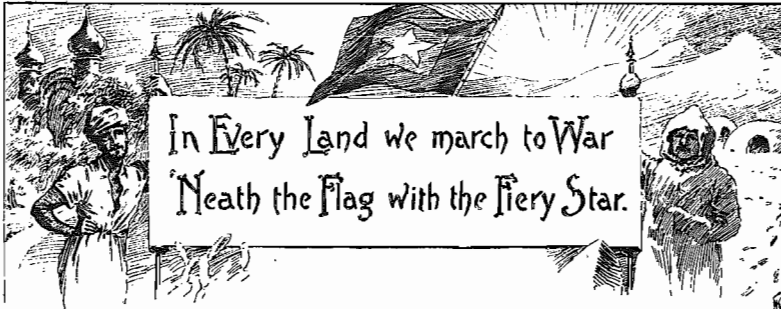
Both the Major and his wife delivered stirring addresses in which they thanked the friends for the warm reception accorded them, and expressed themselves as already feeling quite at home in Montreal, though they had only been in the city a few days. Mrs. Hargrave, who is not only a pleasing and impressive speaker, but has a charming voice, sang a solo very effectively. A duet by their two children, about five and seven years of age, was also greatly enjoyed.—Montreal Witness.

A SUNDAY AFTERNOON VISIT

To the Central Prison and Mercer Reformatory, Toronto.

Yesterday (Sunday), being requested to go and conduct an hour's meeting in each place, the Sisters Patterson and myself were driven from place to place in the morning, and in the afternoon of the Central. The Guard kindly let us see them open the cells. Within two minutes the corridors were full of young men ranging from twenty to thirty years of age. With great order and precision they all marched single file to the Guard Hall; we were there given charge of the meeting. "There are three of us," said the guard, "and you can say, 'Never has a more appreciative audience sat to listen to two or three saintly Salvationists.' God bless us with us we felt very awkward and nervous, but we had not got the attention of the whole crowd. Several pieces were sung and accompanied by the guitar, by Sisters Patterson singing, and the hymns were sung, "the love that sought me," and gave them a description of my own conversion, and the happy consequences of a Christian life. The singing was very good, and had several hearty, good laughs; but all over the crowd bade us good-bye. We took our leave to whom we had spoken and then went to the Salvation Army hall.

At 4 p.m. we arrived at the Mercer, and had the privilege of talking and singing to about 50 women, many familiar faces among them. We felt while addressing this crowd the great goodness of God to those who follow Him. We also felt the importance of dealing faithfully with these poor creatures; angels would desire the privilege of winning these souls for God. We cannot help saying, "God equip us for the war."—Staff-Captain Manion.



In Every Land we march to War
Neath the Flag with the Fiery Star.

THE BRITISH ISLES.

The Chief of the Staff has returned from Norway and Denmark, and brings a splendid report of the Army's position.

Mrs. Branwell Booth is arranging a breakfast in aid of the Rescue Work at the Holborn Restaurant. The Earl of Aberdeen is presiding, and a long list of other leading lights will be present.

Midday meetings are held twice a week at Messrs. Napier and Sons' Iron-works, Glasgow, conducted by the Sergt.-Major of Glasgow I.

Major Bergstrom, whose health is not good, goes on a long furlough to Norway.

A regular weekly meeting is now being conducted at Wolverton Carriage Works. 5,000 men and boys are said to be employed here.

UNITED STATES.

The Consul has commenced a series of boldness meetings in Greater New York.

The Nashville, Tenn., Shelter is quite a large institution. The American Cry gives some views of it.

Brigadier Cox is taking charge of the new Life Insurance Department to be managed from the New York H. Q.

Staff-Captain Hyllested, of the War Cry staff, has just married Capt. Yost.

Adj. and Mrs. T. H. Adams are in charge of Maine and a part of New Hampshire.

The J. S. Annual commences on June 4th.

FRANCE.

Brigadier Foranach, the Territorial General Secretary, has been transferred to the London International Headquarters. Brigadier Peyron takes his place at the Paris Headquarters.

Major Jeannoued has sought and found a new hall in the working and populous part of Paris, at Grenelle. It will be the barracks for the seventh corps.

Major Jeannoued is also looking for an eighth hall in the Gros-Cailillon part of the city.

SOUTH AFRICA.

The South African War Cry regularly gazettes the names, etc., of children who have been dedicated to God and the Army.

Further improvements in the native work are being made at the Beiyaba and T'eloxa stations. A day-school will be opened.

Brigadier and Mrs. Wilmer are being transferred from the native work to England.

Durban I. corps is getting a large new citadel and officers' quarters.

ITALY.

Brigadier Clibborn has conducted special open-air meetings in Venice. To address the audience he had to speak from a gondola. On the shipping and on the banks of the canal were great crowds of people listening attentively.

ICELAND.

We would like to be able to give our readers some news from this country, clipped from the latest Icelandic War Cry, but coming across such words as syndia-fyrirgefninguna, hreinsunarkraftinn, postafgreidisinstodum, breifdringastodum, and isaflokkarstodum, we regret to say we were unable to sufficiently translate enough to make an everyday sentence.

SWEDEN and NORWAY.

Several Divisional changes have just taken place in Sweden.

A new Rescue Home in Stockholm has been purchased.

Commissioner Oliphant, of Sweden, recently dedicated 13 children belonging to officers.

A firm in Christiania gave 2,000 kroner (£110) to the Stum and the savings bank in the same city has donated 1,000 kroner (£55 10s.), while another firm in Tromsø has donated 200 kroner (£10) to the Stum Work.

INDIA and CEYLON.

"An institution for which we desire to speak a good word is the Salvation Army Rescue Home of this city, (Colcutta), under the excellent management of Miss Fry. More than once recently has its beneficent work come under our notice. We are glad to commend it to the public."—Indian Witness.

Major Prabhu Das recently conducted a campaign at Colombo, when 12 souls were saved and five new soldiers made.

FRAGMENTS FROM AFAR

Major Duce, of Japan, has had a successful tour in the west. Accompanied by a party of eight officers and Cadets, he toured the Yokohama District. This formed the largest party of officers ever seen in the west. Seven souls were saved and nine soldiers made.

A plot of land for burial purposes has been allotted by the Kingston Municipality (Jamaica) to the Salvation Army.

Adj. Blamey will be appointed to take charge of the new Rescue Home, which will be opened in a few days in Hamburg, Germany.

At Bridgetown, Admiral Sampson has given Staff-Capt Widgery permission to conduct meetings on any of the ships of the United States Squadron at Barbados.

The People's Palace, Sydney, continues to be such a success that it has been found necessary to provide increased accommodation; so arrangements are now being made which, if carried into effect, will increase the sleeping accommodation for men by 200 beds.

LIEUT.-COLONEL MARGETTS IN THE EAST.

Visit of Lieut.-Colonel Margetts in the East attended with grand success. Up to the present fifty souls have sought God. Glorious Sunday at St. John III., with twenty-five in the Fountain. Hallelujah!

BRIGADIER PUGMIRE.

Oriental Observations.

My brother, if thou seekest the Lord, never open thy lips, but to pronounce His commandments.

Speak not, my brother, but to speak forth His praise.

Silence is the exercise of the wise.

In the multitude is the death of the soul.

The thought of God is the true food of the soul; the only medicine for the wounds of the heart.

Come, I will show thee what the world is like. It is like a phantom which a man sees in his sleep. And when he awakes no profit remains to him from his sweet illusion. So when death comes and wakes us from the dream of life, we carry away with us nothing of the good things we have enjoyed in this world.—Jengiz Khan.

THOMPSON, Toronto.—Since our last report we have been having some good times. Last Sunday was the Memorial Service of our late comrade, Sergt. Tommy Orr. Several comrades spoke very touchingly of the beautiful life of our comrade who had passed away. Good meetings all through the week. Tuesday night meetings led by our Commissioner, which will be reported elsewhere. Yesterday (Sunday) was another good day, in spite of other attractions, we had a good day. Three souls. Marches up to the ordinary. We are still fighting on.—W. P., R. C.

THE FIELD COMMISSIONER WITH HER SOLDIERS.

Three City Corps Unite at the Temple to Listen to their Beloved Leader.

SEASONS OF BLESSING THAT MAKE RICH THE SOUL.

IN spite of the rain and chilly night, the soldiery of Riverside, Yorkville and the Temple corps turned out in goodly force, for to have Miss Booth with them is quite enough of an inducement to brave cold, rain and open street cars, at the risk of catching influenza, in the assurance of a rich feast to each soul. For, while we are proud of our tolling leader in the front of the battle on the public platform of a crowded meeting, when hundreds and thousands are swayed through her earnest and impetuous eloquence, and the force of her sympathy and zeal, which God has honored so often by the salvation of scores upon scores of souls, yet it is in her soldiers' meetings that her deep insight into the things of God and human nature, as well as her wide experience and capabilities as a leader is most strikingly felt, and her words of counsel, her explanations of Scripture and her personal concern for each and to bless, and to lead forward in Divine knowledge, and to equip better for desperate warfare her soldiers, bring out her best forces of heart and brain.

KEEP SINGING.

The Field Commissioner, previous to speaking on the text of the evening, had a chorus of Staff-Capt. Mauton's song over:

O the Love that sought me,
O the Blood that bought me,
O the Grace that brought me
To this fold!"

These excellent words, to a tune which hardly does them full credit, were sung over and over again. The Commissioner pointed out a great danger, against which we must guard continually, especially in our singing—that of doing things mechanically. We must put faith, and heart, and soul into our songs, so that they rise beyond the ceiling, pass through the clouds, and even leave behind them the stars and suns of the universe, until they reach the Throne of God. It is not the volume, nor the quality of the voice, but the soul back of it all, that gives value to our singing in the sight of God.

THE FOUNDATION ROCK.

"The Commissioner spoke on the importance of obedience, as the foundation of all true service.

Man's duty is no less than his best, and his best is no more than his duty. This epigram of Miss Booth formed the pivot of her lucid address.

The great, important consideration is to make a right choice. A right choice will never lead to final spiritual success. We must come back to the right start.

Obedience is the first gate of the Christian life on earth. To be in favor with God and a power among men, obedience must guide us right through life. Occasional sacrifice, however grand and magnificent, can never take the place of continual obedience. To obey is better than sacrifice."

The Field Commissioner's words were listened to with profound attention. Every man followed and appropriated from it gems of thought that will result in effecting a more joyous submission to the will of God, and a more efficient service as soldiers of Jesus Christ.

We have never been so determined that by the blessing and guidance of God the Commissioner shall find in us all, many new women who can be reckoned upon in the time of battle, and who are glad of the privilege of fighting under the leadership of such a devoted and honored commander as the Field Commissioner has proved herself, quite apart from the deep place she holds in our affections.—One Who Listened.

Mother Potts' History.

Fifteen Years a Soldier.

I was born near Guelph, Ont., in 1841. My mother and father belonged to the Methodist Church. I believe my mother was a good Christian woman and tried to lead her family in the right way; but, like many others, I wandered away from a mother's care, and went into the pleasures of the world. While sitting in a meeting one night the Spirit of God took hold of me, and I was led to seek God. I found Him, to the joy and satisfaction of my soul. I went on in this good way for some time, but in an evil hour I was tempted and fell and I put my Saviour to an open shame. I went on in my backslidden state for a long time. I married my husband, who was not a Christian, and I had no encouragement to do better. I began to think, and fell on my knees praying for God to help me and to have mercy on me, and took my Bible and read and prayed. It seemed all in vain. I began to think I was lost forever. Oh, the anguish and pain I suffered! Many bitter tears I shed through my disobedience. I was in this misery for a long time. At last I threw myself on my bed and cried, "Oh, lost! I am lost! When will I be saved?" The light broke in, and my burden rolled away. Hallelujah! My trouble did not end here. My husband turned out to be a drunkard. He was not very agreeable when under the influence of liquor. He would come home and beat the children, and even the dog would run, and I used to have to send the dog away so he would not kill it. He went on like that for a number of years, and I had to struggle and fight my way through. My husband never would go to church. At last along came the Salvation Army; it brought with it sunshine and love to my home. My oldest daughter went to see them, and God saved her. She then got her father to go and see what the Army was like. God's Spirit took hold of him, and he quit the drink and tobacco, and has been a soldier now for over fifteen years. Apart from the little trials and difficulties of this life, which will only work out for me a more glorious entrance into the Kingdom, our home is a little heaven, compared to the time when drink and the devil used to run things. My only



Mother Potts, Gollingwood.

desire is to see my dear friends and family all brought to see Jesus in His beauty. My daughter is saved, although in a foreign country. I am a soldier, and have been for over fifteen years, in Gollingwood. My duty here is to look after the Grace-Before-Meat Boxes.—Mother Potts, W. C. R. C.

ST. CATHARINES.—Souls, souls! Hallelujah! In the course of a week the Local Officers met together. We came to the conclusion that things should improve, and one of them was the open-air. Capt. Williams has formed two brigades for the open-air meetings. No. 1 S.M. Phinney, assisted by our noble Secretary Bradley and half of the corps, and No. 2 P. S. M. Beall, assisted by J. S. Serg. Tomlinson and the other half of the corps. Thursday night No. 1 was on hand. In the prayer meeting out walked two backsliders (volunteered). Got them through and two other prodigals came. Hallelujah! In the afternoon War Cry Brigade met and came to the conclusion that we should raise our order 15 copies, which will make us 215 War Crys. (Thank you—Ed.) The boomers are very interested in their sales, and said how God had blessed them in selling War Crys. The Brigade is in a better standing than it has ever been. We are all determined to do our part.—J. B. Beall, R. C.



From Peaceton Corps to a Heavenly Mansion.

It is with deepest sorrow that we announce the death of our beloved comrade, Bro. Carlton Hunter, who was so suddenly taken from our midst. While yet we mourn our loss, we rejoice in knowing that his peace was made with God. He was taken suddenly ill with a severe attack of appendicitis, on Thursday, April 13th. The following Monday, at 11 o'clock a.m., his spirit took its flight to the realms of joy above. During his short illness, he suffered severe pain, but was never heard to murmur. As he was leaving his home for the hospital, Montreal, where he was to undergo an operation (which was the only chance of his recovery) his last words were to the friends he left behind, "It's all right, friends, whether I live or die, I am ready. Thank God!" To another of his comrades he said, "Fight on, Bro. Kennedy, and meet me in heaven." After reaching the hospital all hope of his recovery was given up. His friends who watched by his bedside until the last heard him repeat over and over again his faith in God. Soon after this his spirit took its flight. His remains were conveyed to his home on Tuesday, April 18th, and were buried on Wednesday, 19th inst. He was a faithful servant of Jesus Christ during the few months of his conversion. He was an example to all. Greatest sympathy is extended to his bereaved mother and his sorrowing friends.—Lieut. G. Ludlow.

His Sufferings Over.

A Tilt Cove Comrade Promoted.

Death has visited us again. This time it has taken away Robt. Thomas, who was a sufferer for about five years. He was saved about two years ago at Little Bay, under Capt. E. Mercer. I visited him many times while he was sick, and always found him with a joyful testimony. A few hours before he died he told me to tell all the people around the grave that he was gone to heaven. On Feb. 10th, the death angel came at 3 p.m., and took his spirit away. On Feb. 19th we gave him a proper Army funeral. Around the open grave we all pledged ourselves to be faithful to God and meet our comrade in heaven. The memorial service at night was a blessed time, when two souls came out and sought salvation. May God bless the bereaved ones, is the prayer of our hearts.—Eugene Cooper.

She Was Ready.

Comrade Edna Bradley Come Home.

Our beloved comrade, Edna Bell Bradley, passed to a higher life Wednesday morning, May 22d. Our sister was con-



Edna Bradley.

verted in the Salvation Army, February, 1897, and enrolled as a soldier on the following May. She was a faithful War Cry Sergeant until last autumn, when ill health prevented further work. The funeral services were held in the Baptist Church.

She leaves a beloved father and sister to mourn her departure.

The memorial services were held in the S. A. barracks, where the comrades all testified to her faithfulness in life and the assurance of her welcome to the Christian's home.

Her body was like a tender flower, crushed by cruel disease, but her spirit was brave and strong and still lives on.—C. E. R., Lisbon, North Dakota.

For God and Souls.

WOODSTOCK comrades are not dead, but all alive, and souls are seeking the "Star Route." Commenced yesterday night at her faithfulness in life and the assurance of her welcome to the Christian's home.

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LIBBON—Welcome to our corps, Capt. Mercer and Lieut. Kreiger, April 21st. Crowds and interest increasing. —C. E. R.

MINNEBODA—Since last report our crowds are improving, interest reviving. Crs. all sold, and one soul in the fountain. To God be all the glory.—Herringshaw and Blaud.

PORT ARTHUR—We are still marching on. Crowds and interest keeping up. Open-airs splendid. Since last report two souls have been saved, for which we all fire a volley.—J. C. II.

RIDGETOWN—Good meetings during last week. Capt. and Mrs. Hunt-Ingdon, from Blenheim, led the Monday night meeting. On Sunday afternoon two souls out for salvation.—Kittie Watt.

FREDERICTON—We are having glorious times here at present. We had the joy of seeing for the week-end four souls kneeling at the Cross. On Sunday we had a grand time, and we closed with one young man at the Cross.—Inda Groom.

BLENNHEIM—Oh, yes, it's better on before. Sunday morning's healthiness meeting opened with an increase in attendance, and was a soul-refreshing time. One soul in the afternoon. Good meetings all day, and good crowds.—Inda Groom.

WINNIPEG—Ideal good week-end. Splendid open-air meetings. Soldiers turn out exceedingly well. Inside, crowds keeping up. Good attendance at knee-dress. Best of all two souls at the Cross. Our God shall have the glory and we'll fight on—Tidforda.

MONTREAL 11—Capt. Downey has arrived to take charge of the work here. Already we have had a blessed time. Capt. McNaney stayed with us for two days on his way home for a rest. One soul sanctified Sunday morning. Praise God.—W. G. R. C.

NEW GLASGOW—We had a visit from Ensign and Mrs. Fraser, of Springfield Mines, and eleven souls sought pardon. God is blessing our work, and we are pushing on for victory. Ensign and Mrs. Fraser carried 11 recruits on Sunday afternoon. On we go.—W. I. Byers, Adj.

ST. JOHN V. is gradually coming to the front. We had a grand united meeting on Monday night in which Staff-Capt. Taylor and wife conducted the singing. One soul sanctified came to the Mercy Seat. We can report for this week's labour, four precious souls.—Cor. Wm. Marshall.

HILLSBORO, N. B.—After a severe trial of our faith God has blessed our efforts with success, and we have had the joy of seeing one precious soul kneeling at the Mercy Seat. Praise God! The deepest conviction rests upon our people, and we are believing upon the promise to follow.—Lieut. Melkile.

MONTELOON—Ensign Ebsary and Lieut. Lays have farwelled from this corps. During their stay we have seen many sinners kneeling at the Cross for pardon. We have had good meetings all week. In the welcome meeting of Capt. and Mrs. Thompson eight raised their hands for prayer.—Emily White, Corps Cor.

NORTH SYDNEY—Large crowd on Saturday night to welcome Capt. Hickey, who is home from Bermuda on a short furlough. Since last report four precious souls have found salvation. Splendid meeting on Sunday night at Sydney Mines, led by Ensign Cleithron. Last Sunday Sergeant-Major and Mrs. Burge dedicated their little daughter Gladys Joy, to God and the Army.—Sec. Mrs. Pike.

BISMARCK, N. D.—We are marching on here in spite of wet weather. There is always a large crowd standing around our open-airs. Our holiness meetings are very good here every Sunday. Best of all we closed another week with one soul in the Fountain. Praise God.—Alex. Helmsworth, Reg. Cor.

SOCIAL FARM—Two comrades farwelled Sunday night. They were old faces here. Mrs. John Shaw has been working here for two years and a half, and has been helped, encouraged and benefited. He spoke words of faith in the work of the officers here. Sister Cleaver gave her last prayer and address. The two are about to unite.—Chas. C. Goodin.

LITTLE BAY—Good times continue. The Spirit moved all day on Sunday. In the afternoon five souls enlisted in the Army, making a total of 16 for the Siege. Some of these have been halting between two opinions for years, and now they are all Catholics stepped into the liberty of the Gospel. And still the chariot rolls, all honor to God.—F. Howell, Capt.

Big Go Away.

MISSOULA, Mont.—Staff-Captain Turner was to have been with us on last Friday night, but to our disappointment he could not be here. We had a Big Go away. Capt. Bailey dedicated Sergeant-Major Jackson's two little girls to God and the S. A. Since last report two backsliders have come back to the fold.—J. H. Frost, R. C.

SHEAHS TOWN, Nfld.—We are still on the up-grade. God has been wonderfully helping us. The past week was one of blessing. Sunday God was with us all day. Two souls in the afternoon, five at night. One man, after 60 years of sin, came out in the first part of the meeting, and God saved his soul. We give God glory for 12 souls, and go on to victory.—D. Moulton, Capt.

NEPEAWA, Man.—Although only here a short time we have had a beautiful time. The people here are so kind, and the soldiers are just the right sort. Our "Why, when, and where" meeting was very good. Mother Wallace told us how God had saved her while going after the cows, away over in old Ireland. Crowds and zealous away up.—Lieut. I. Hanson.

FRIEPORT, N. S.—We are glad to report victory. Although we were without officers for some time, still God helped us to be true. Captain Traiton and her sister are now in charge. Three weeks ago one backslider sought and found God. Ensign Andrews was with us from Saturday till Thursday. Good meetings all day Sunday. Three souls at night, one on Thursday.—Ralph Morrill, Reg. Cor.

LETHBRIDGE, N. W. T.—God's blessed light and power revealed itself in a wonderful way by touching the hearts of backsliders and sinners. Hallelujah! At one meeting alone six souls were to be found pouring out their souls to God. There are still more under deep conviction, and we are praying for the return of the wanderers. Our officers and soldiers are looking forward to the coming of our beloved Major—Bert Reynolds, R. C.

NEWMARKET—Our new officers have come and we gladly bid Captain Rowe and Lieut. Weeks a happy welcome and a prosperous sojourn with us. The first week-end meetings were successful, good crowds, and one soul made a start for glory. Every Thursday night the Captain and Lieutenant and other soldiers are driven to Hol-

land Landing by Sergeant-Major Hunter, and there the Lord visits the people by His Spirit and they are brought into His Kingdom. "The tragedy of the cross" is a very beautiful and sympathetic scene, which was given by the Captain and Lieutenant, ably assisted by the soldiers and Captains Barker and Darrach, who are at present on furlough, and are renewing old friendships in Newmarket.—Aux.

Five Different Languages.

GRATON, N. D.—We had some very good meetings, one sister coming back to the fold again since last report. Monday night was a sing-song service, there being no less than five different languages employed in singing the praises of God, and we are believing for victory.—Lieut. J. I. Forsberg.

DEVIL'S LAKE, N. D.—It is quite a while since you heard from our battle-ship, yet we are not again and the Divine help of God, we have been fighting the enemy, and his ranks have decreased by a few coming over on the Lord's side. Hallelujah! Had Ensign Perry with us. The meetings were well attended and everybody present enjoyed the lantern service. We all say, "Come again, Ensign."—Mrs. Wallace, R. C.

The Headquarters' Quartette.

WEST TORONTO JUNCTION—We had with us on Sunday Staff-Captain Morris, Budgins, Atwell and Griffiths, Capt. Morris, Easton and Lemon. The afternoon meeting went off with a swing. The music and singing was grand. A good collection was given, which amounted to over \$2. At night a nice crowd came again to hear the Male Quartette, which was appreciated very much. Staff-Capt. Morris read from the Word of God and unfolded the truth which we believe is sent home to the hearts of people.—T. B.

Got Lots of Faith.

GLACE BAY, C. B.—One soul for the week. The devil is kicking about our open-airs on the corner, but we are having beautiful times there, and "we are there to stay and we are going to stay," or know that reason why. Sunday was a beautiful day to our souls. Ensign is not only holding his own, but every Sunday night we have new faces in the barracks. We aim at an average of attending 1,000 people per week. Only five short last week, barracks seats 200. Yours to get there.—Sergeant-Major.

Honest Abe's Scribbles.

BARRE, N.—Ensign Burrows, the Financier Special has been in our midst for three days. Unfortunately he took a severe cold, which slipped his wings considerably. The meetings which he conducted were good spiritual blessings. Four souls sought Christ and four came forward for the blessing of a clean heart. Hallelujah! The final meeting Monday evening was a lantern service entitled, "Little Alee, from Match Girl to Captain." A splendid turnout and good collection. It might say we have gone in for expansion of territory. Who has not heard of the city of Stroud? It has been annexed to Barre. "We hold a vaster crown than has been." Sergeant-Major Reynolds is holding the reins with a steady hand. He sells the War Cry and visits the people. See Lane conducts meetings in the jail, as least outside. Her singing is much appreciated. She plays the guitar. Adj. Cameron is on the bridge having an eye to business. His dreams for the future are bright. Hope is a good move. We are old boys, and having a wonderful time on the 24th of May for the children. Watch. More anon. Farewell.—Honest Abe.

Saved at a Funeral Service.

ST. JOHN 11.—We are having good times and the Lord is making bare His arm. We can report victory. Three souls were saved this week and four sought sanctification. Being asked to conduct the funeral service of a dear little baby of one of our comrades, Brigadier Fuznirre and Staff-Captain Taylor came along. A lady who was in attendance gave herself to God and fell down and cried out for mercy. The Lord saved her soul. Thank God for the Salvation Army; they never cease building up the Lord's Kingdom, no matter what kind of service they are called on to conduct.—Cor. Wm. Marshall.

A Long, Hard Pull.

ST. GEORGES, Ber.—Week-end meetings led by Capt. Rybman and Lieut. Vynar, assisted by your humble servant. Every comrade worked most nobly. Sunday afternoon red-hot free-assembly; one soul at the Cross. Next meeting God came very near, and hearts were melted. The soldiers wrestled and held on; ten o'clock came, and it seemed as though the meeting would have to be drawn to a close; but another chance was given, and while singing a chorus for the last time, a dear woman came to the Mercy Seat. A little more faith and another one came, followed by five more precious souls, making eight for the day. To God be all the glory. We went home rejoicing and more than ever determined to fight and die.—Willie Howe, District War Cor.

Got the Barracks at Last!

CHANNEL—This corps has been greatly in need of a barracks for a long time. Capt. Hiscok and Lieut. Clark having worked hard, have now the joy of working in the new barracks, and already six have been to the Mercy Seat. The D. O. was present for the opening. Second night a Hallelujah Wedding. When on the march the party was cheered again and again, guns were fired, etc., etc., and by the time the barracks was reached there was quite a crowd. They were very anxious to see now the S. A. tied the knot. Before going into the barracks meeting Soviet, Sticks and Sister Manger stepped forward, said the "I will," when Adj. McRae declared them to be man and wife. This closed two very special services in connection with Channel corps.—P. Y. S., for Capt. II.

SEAFORTH—We have had a visit from our G. B. M. Agut, Ensign Collector. The service was well attended, and everybody was delighted with the



"POOR MIKE" story entitled, "Poor Mike." Many tears found their way to the eyes of the people while the Ensign told the touching story and reflected the pretty colored views upon the canvas. God bless the Ensign.—R. H. K.

The chain of destiny leads him who obeys, but drags him who resists it.—Madame Swetcland.

CAPT. THOMPSON, Campbellton	101
Cadet Urquhart, Springhill	75
Lieut. Smith, Yarmouth	55
Cadet Ebsary, Fredericton	99
Cadet Lehman, St. John	88
Capt. Bradburn, New Glasgow	83
P. S. M. Warren, Charlottetown	82
Cadet Smith, Fredericton	85
Adj. Byers, New Glasgow	50
Sergt. Mayhew, New Glasgow	50
Sgt. Ensign Fraser, Springhill	50
P. S. M. Morrison, Glace Bay	50
Capt. Piercy, Yarmouth	45
Sergt. Keating, Glace Bay	42
Sergt. Anderson, New Glasgow	42
Sergt. Virgil, Southampton, Ber.	40
Lieut. Melkie, Hillsboro	40
Capt. Knight, Woodstock	40
Mrs. Capt. Knight, Woodstock	40
Sergt. Williams, New Glasgow	40
Ensign Wright, Chatham	40
Sergt. Read, St. John	40
Capt. Horwood, Lunenburg	36
Sgt. Pike, North Sydney	35
Capt. Snyder, St. John	35
Sergt. Pettis, New Glasgow	35
Sister Lyons, Fredericton	34
Sister Pollock, Fredericton	34
Sister Harkin, North Sydney	32
Sergt. Matthews, New Glasgow	31
Sister Sargefield, Woodstock	30
Capt. Davies, Bridgewater	30
Mr. McEachern, Glace Bay	30
Sgt. Churchill, St. John	27
Capt. Sabine, St. Stephen	27
Sergt.-Major Snow, Dartmouth	25
Sister England, Chatham	25
Lieut. Tudge, North Head	25
Sister Lohman, Fredericton	23
Cadet Gilmartin, St. John	21
Lieut. Mowbray, Bridgewater	20
Sergt. Melvior, Dartmouth	20
Sergt. Melvior, Dartmouth	20
Gunn Creighton, North Sydney	20
Sister Stacey, North Sydney	20
Sister Musgrave, North Sydney	20

NORTH-WEST PROVINCE.

33 Husters.

CADDET POTTER, Winnipeg	120
ENSIGN DICKSON, Calgary	108
Lieut. Anderson, Fargo	89
Lieut. Russell, Prince Albert	79
Lieut. Rossberg, Grafton	78
Lieut. Lloyd, Port William	78
Mrs. Capt. Knudson, Winnipeg	75
Sergt. Lund, Regina	75
Lieut. Clark, Larimore	73
Lieut. McConnell, Jamestown	73
Lieut. Wick, Lethbridge	58
Lieut. Askia, Victoria	45
Sergt. Chapman	45
Ensign Taylor, Brandon	43
Cadet M. McLeod, Moose Jaw	43
Lieut. Hangan, Edmonton	43
Frank Anderson, Regina	41
Capt. Smith, Devil's Lake	40
Capt. Pearce, Edmonton	36
Capt. Campbell, Grafton	34
Lieut. Blund, Minnedosa	31
Ensign Hayes, Devil's Lake	29
Sergt. B. Chapman, Winnipeg	29
Capt. Myers, Minto	29
Cadet Cook, Fargo	27
Capt. Mercer, Lisbon	25
M. W. Taylor, Fargo	21
Sergt. Johnson, Winnipeg	25
Sergt. Penfold, Winnipeg	25
Capt. Jarvis, Larimore	25
Capt. Cronmarty, Oakes	20
Lieut. A. Anderson, Regina	20
Capt. Myers, Minto	20

A Victorian Souvenir.

VICTORIA.—Adj. and Mrs. Barr have farewelled from the Shelter. We are very sorry indeed to part with them. Adjutant has been a great help in the corps and we would have liked very much indeed to have kept them here. We can only pray that God will indeed bless them wherever they go. Their Little Cadet will be a souvenir of Victoria.

IMPORTANT!

HELP FOR ALL IN LEGAL DIFFICULTIES.

DO YOU WANT ADVICE CONCERNING—

PARTNERSHIP AGREEMENTS?
JOINT STOCK COMPANIES?
PROPERTY DEEDS?
MORTGAGES?
INSURANCES, OR
LEGACIES?

SEE YOU IN TROUBLE WITH YOUR—

CREDITORS, OR
MORTGAGEES?

IF SO, the Commissioner is willing to place at your service the knowledge and experience of a competent lawyer. Write your letter (marked "Confidential") to Major A. Gieseler, S. A. Temple, Albert St., Toronto. A small fee, to cover expenses, will be charged.

A Good Shepherd:

OR,

What a Salvation Army Captain Should Be.

CHAPTER III.

I will now pass on to May 1st, for this is the day when all the beasts, as well as the sheep, are placed under my charge—mostly about 100 of them. These are divided into small lots, and placed in the fields with the sheep. Now these, with the sheep, number about 700, and half these sheep and beasts have to be counted and seen to before I have my breakfast in the morning, and if there is one missing, either a beast or a sheep, or even a little lamb, it has to be found before I leave them.

From the end of March till the middle of May is the easiest time that I have through the year, as from the middle of May the sheep are subject to maggots—that is, as soon as those large flies come that blow the meat, they also blow maggots into the living sheep.

Dear Sir, you know the flies are sent by God to destroy all stinking things, so that we may have pure air to breathe, and the flies find out every stinking thing and place, and what they cannot eat, they lay eggs in, and in a few hours these come to life. If it is a dead cow or horse in which they are laid, in a very little time those maggots have picked its bones.

It is much the same in a spiritual sense. God looks upon wicked and ungodly things, and if the devil can get God's children to take one article of pride, he will soon gain the victory over them in another, and in a very short time he gets them eaten and consumed by the devil, as it were, none but dry bones left. But while the devil is at work, God's shepherds should be at work, too. I think God the Salvation Army is doing a great deal of maggot-killing, but all there is more yet to do. When God's shepherds see a lot of pride or haughtiness in their sheep—watching against it also in themselves—they should tell them of it in a kind, loving way, and explain the danger of it to them, and in many cases it will be kind words. But if, after telling them in kind words, they will not give up those things which are a hindrance to God's work—as God will not use dirty vessels for His work—God's shepherds must speak more firmly, because those vessels which God will not use the devil will use, so that they are just where they will do the most damage to the work of God. He gets some dirty vessels of professing Christians in amongst a lot of people that are convicted of sin, and he gets them falling into the loving arms of Jesus, and then, having possession of the best room in their hearts, he will not as I saw a farmer do to a horse one day. He wanted to perform an operation on this horse, and in order to do so it had to be thrown down. So he had a rope with several nooses in it, called a lobbles, and with the assistance of three or four men putting the horse and taking off its attention, the farmer got those nooses loosely round its legs without its knowing what was going on; and when he had the rope all right, he took the end of it and gave it a pull, and down it went, and the men sat upon its head to keep it down. That is how the devil seizes the maggoty sheep, or, in other words, those who are clinging to their idols of pride, or drink, or love of ease, or anything else that is wrong.

I think God because He would not let me have any peace till I had given up all and everything to Him, and as soon as I had done so, He gave me perfect freedom, and I am happy to tell you that, notwithstanding my hard work, which is as hard as slavery, and also a considerable amount of conversation, I can say from a full heart, that Jesus is very precious to my soul, and that I am kept by His Holy Spirit from day to day.

But I must go back to my subject. As I have told you, the maggotting commences in the middle of May, and not only that, but also the vetch-folding for the making places out the fold in for the winter. This takes a great deal

of my time, and is very hard work, and lasts through the hottest part of the summer; and I have to be at work from half-past five in the morning till half-past seven or eight o'clock at night as hard as I am able, scarcely allowing myself time to eat my meals.

Dear Sir, if the human shepherds were to pay as much attention to the sheep of their flock as I pay to mine, the masses would soon have plenty of work building chapels and churches and Salvation Army Halls, and the people would soon be all saved, and the devil would be ashamed to show his face.

How is it that God's shepherds are not as diligent for their Master as the natural shepherd is for his? I am afraid that the shepherds of the human flock do not consider that their Master's eye is continually watching them, whereas my master is not always watching me, for sometimes I may not see him for a week at a time; but still my work is done just as well, and perhaps better than it would be if he were always with me. But the eye of the Lord is always watching our doings, where'er they be good or evil.

I want to speak a few words upon vetches, a kind of food sheep are very fond of. You know in the summer months looks much more tempt to the sheep than a field of green vetche, when it is so close to them that there is only a hurdle between them and the nice grass. I have seen the fold there may be plenty and yet into the racks for them. They are not satisfied, however, with what is given them, but must reach their heads through the rails and eat the grass, and into the racks for them. They are not satisfied, however, with what is given them, but must reach their heads through the rails and eat the grass, and into the racks for them. They are not satisfied, however, with what is given them, but must reach their heads through the rails and eat the grass, and into the racks for them.

This is just how it was with Adam and Eve in the Garden of Eden. Although God gave them plenty of good things, they were not satisfied, but must partake of what they were forbidden to touch, and so they suffered severely for their misconduct. And so it is with many Christians at the present time. After they are brought into the fold of Christ, instead of turning their back upon the edge of the fold, and press up towards the middle, where all the best of the heavenly food is served out, they loiter around the edge, where the devil has got all his traps ready to catch as many of God's children as ever he can. Those traps are laid as near the fold of Christ as he dares to put them, to tempt those within to come outside, and they have all good names to them, because there are so many different sorts, and are made in so many patterns that some Christians do not think they are traps belonging to the devil at all, till they get into them. But as soon as they put their foot in they know it to their sorrow. I have found it best to keep as far from the edge of the fold as I can.

As I said, the devil's traps have all good names to them. I think I will name a few of the largest. I think the largest of them is called Pride, and the next to that is called Drink, but I think I should have put Pride first, for perhaps it is the largest trap the devil has, and he is using it to-day with great success. I have seen many that were very good, who, through loitering round the edge of the fold, have stepped into it, and to-day they are as dead in sin as ever they were in their lives. It is not that Drink kills the sheep, but it is Heart Pride that does a great deal of damage. Perhaps after the meeting the devil tells some of those who speak well to think themselves above those who can only stand up and say a few words; though at the same time, perhaps, those who can only say a few words have more of the grace of God in their hearts than the others, or, at least, than some of those who stand up and give a long flowery address.

(To be continued.)

Our Field Officers.

Captain Slater, of Abmie Harbor.

I was born and brought up in Banffshire, on the north-east coast of Scotland. I was never wild, or what you would style wicked. I went to church and Sunday-School, learned the shorter catechism, and was brought up in the faith of the fathers. Naturally, I was inclined to be good. I remember when eight years old being out at sea with my grandfather and others. A great storm came up, and everyone was afraid of being drowned. I took to praying, asking God to save us, and we were saved.



When I came to this country, ten years ago, I was well satisfied with my self and the way I was living. So I came, at that time, across the Salvation Army, went to their meetings and was converted. I was a sold r some four years, and came into the Training Home some six years ago. While at my second station (Port Perry) as Lieutenant alone, I was told of the Holy Ghost, and have been going on ever since, fighting my way through—Capt. Slater.

UGLY HANDS.

The roughened hands that never shined, the plain brown hands that planned and worked. Are folded now in peace and rest 'Upon the wayworn, weary breast.

Our ivory keys they never strayed; Embroidery, lace, they never made—Poor tired hands! On one of them Flashed never brilliant, shining gem.

They cooked, and washed, and scrubbed, and mended. Into the children fondly tended; They soothed the head that ached and And gently bathed the fevered feet.

They gladly toiled from morn till night. That they might other hands keep white. And tried so hard to roses spread Adown the path for loved ones' tread!

They were so tender, quiet, we Ne'er noticed how unselfish. They clasped each cross with trust And prayer And burdens bore more than their share.

Aye, ugly, coarse, unlovely quite, They look to our defective sight; But, to their nation dutiful, In God's eyes they are beautiful.

The Warm Weather Disease Coming
BARRIE, Vt.—The warm weather has come and the devil will be trying all kinds of schemes to draw the people's attention from the things of God to his own foolish and destructive folly, but we are determined to make the most of the summer, and to live actively for him around this quarter.

We are in the soul-saving business to stay, let the weather be hot or cold, and we know we are having good spiritual earnings. Many of our friends from the outside are visiting here, so they come in and help to roll the old chariot along. One soul in the Fountain. Going have another enrolment soon.—Zacharias.

